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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. THE LAST GREAT DREAM OF THE CRUSADE,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	643
II. THE STORY OF A RAILWAY JOURNEY,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	656
III. THE DECADENCE OF FRENCHWOMEN, .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	671
IV. AN ATHENIAN ARCHBISHOP OF THE DARK AGES,	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i>	685
V. WHAT CAME OF IT,	<i>Argosy,</i>	689
VI. SPANISH PROVERBS,	<i>St. James's Gazette,</i>	699
VII. MONOS ISLAND, TRINIDAD,	<i>Nature,</i>	701
VIII. FIFTY YEARS AGO,	<i>St. James's Gazette,</i>	703

POETRY.

DAY-DREAMS,	642	LAUGHTER AND DEATH,	642
A. P. S.,	642	DESDEMONA,	642

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DAY-DREAMS.

WHERE o'er the network of the trees
A fleecy cloud slow drifts o'er drowsy skies;
Where love-lorn sighs the languid breeze,
And drooping dies in minor melodies,
Among grass-hidden violets and thyme,
I weary listless lie, low murmur'ing some old
rhyme.

Soft languors through the pulses creep,
Whilst idle dreams flit in dim purple shade;
E'en lovesick Pan lies stretched asleep
This noon, methinks, in cool Arcadian glade:
Silent are shepherds' pipes on hill and vale,
Silent the river slowly winds adown the dale.

What is't darts down the startled air,
Flashing with gold and gems of lustrous light?
Excalibur, sword strong and fair,
'Tis surely whirling swift through moonlit
night—
That last weird night of Arthur. Nay! a ray
Pierces a deep dim nook hid far from the
garish day.

But soft! The mad Ophelia sings,
With straws and flowers all tangled in her
hair—

How sad, yet sweet, that strain upsprings
And wings its way upon the list'ning air—
"Will he not come again?" Away, away!
A distant wood-dove 'tis, coping on leafy spray.

Yet heard you not the tearful tone
Of "Willow, willow," 'neath yon drooping
tree,
Where Desdemona sits alone,
Her weary head low bowed o'er her knee?
Ah, no! 'Tis but a few faint notes a bird
Pipes feebly forth, as if by some sweet mem-
ory stirred.

Now o'er the quaint old German street
The loit'ring shadows scarcely seem to steal,
And merry sings meek Margaret,
At work beside her whirling spinning-wheel,
A ballad of the king of Thule gay—
Thou dreamer! 'tis a stream that babbles on
its way.

Away! thou sweet delusive dream,
That faintly flits before the half-shut eye,
Where, mingling with the flowers, there gleam
Strange elf-like forms begot of Phantasy.
Peas-blossom, Puck, ye tuneless fairy bowers!
Life's flower is too short-lived to waste with
you the hours.

Yet stay! that ye—like silver light
Trembling amid the shimmering summer rain—
To quiver'ing lips and sad eyes bright
With brimming unshed tears of silent pain,
A distant glimpse of sunshine still may bring,
Which, cheering weary, wayworn hearts, may
bid them sing.

Chambers' Journal.

P. M. CAMPBELL.

A. P. S.

AN IRREGULAR SONNET.

["Aps," or "Apse." — An arched recess at the east end of the choir of an Anglo-Saxon church. — *Chambers' Dictionary*.]

MUSING upon the letters of his name

Whom death hath lifted to a higher place,
Methought, in its initials one might trace
Some fancied symbol of his niche of fame.

He stood, indeed, within the Church's bound,
He loved her purely, as some barefoot saint;
Yet cared he not, forever, to be found
In gorgeous choirs a stately ministrant.

Nor yet the western door his footsteps
sought,

Which leads to bustling ways of toil and
thought,

With modern views and faithless fancies
fraught.

No; we shall find him 'neath the eastern dome,
Facing the morn whence light and glory come,
And gazing to the land which is their home.

Spectator. M. F.

LAUGHTER AND DEATH.

THERE is no laughter in the natural world
Of beast or fish or bird, though no sad doubt
Of their futurity to them unfurled
Has dared to check the mirth-compelling shout.
The lion roars his solemn thunder out
To the sleeping woods. The eagle screams
her cry.

Even the lark must strain a serious throat
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky.
Fear, anger, jealousy have found a voice,
Love's pain or rapture the brute-bosoms swell.
Nature has symbols for her nobler joys,
Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared foretell
That only man, by some sad mockery,
Should learn to laugh who learns that he must
die!

Sonnets of Proteus.

DESDEMONA.

FAIR as a lily lifts she up her head,
And troubled brow and darkening eyes reveal
The struggling thoughts she cannot well con-
ceal,

Which tremble on her lips so softly red.
With quick-drawn sighing comes her panting
breath;

Mark how they rise and fall, those Orient pearls
Upon her throat, the while he hotly hurls
His passionate words of daring,—war and
death.

Her woman's heart is kindled. Ah, how poor,
How tame, her life doth seem! "Would
Heaven had made

Her such a man!" As sunlight and as shade
On dazzling summer noons do sharply meet,
So shines she, seated at her father's feet,
Beside the dusky splendors of the Moor.

ANONYMOUS.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE LAST GREAT DREAM OF THE CRUSADE.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was the last of the great dreamers who dreamed in earnest the dream of the Crusade. He was a pure idealist, while he was the most illustrious "man of action" of his time, the pioneer of that daring band who made discovery their holy warfare, and who seemed to see their way across the "Sea of Darkness" to a "New Jerusalem" in the great continent of the west. He forms the vital link between the romantic enterprise of mediæval Europe and the larger romance of the Elizabethan adventurers, who gave a new vision to the imagination, and a new theatre to the commerce and politics, of mankind.

This crusading fervor of Columbus, which fed the fire of his patient enthusiasm for western discovery, is quite too little regarded in popular estimates of his character and life. Far from being wholly a man of the new age, like Prince Henry of Portugal, absorbed in the practical work of discovery and in the future which it opened to commerce, he was a man who nursed his spirit on the heroic traditions of the bygone generations. He struck his roots more deeply, perhaps, than any other man of his time into the age which was ending, while he believed that God was making him an instrument in opening an entirely new era in the history of the world. And it is always thus. The men who make new eras are always the strongest links between the past and the future. Those who mark the great steps of progress are those who maintain the unbroken continuity of the history of our race. He was a "Hebrew of the Hebrews," who brought the Gentiles in as free citizens of the kingdom of Heaven.

The westward expeditions of Julius Cæsar stand in a very real relation to the expeditions and discoveries of Columbus. They are divided by more than fifteen centuries, but no event of kindred character and importance lies between them. Columbus stands next to Cæsar as the author of an immense enlargement of the boundaries of the civilized world. Cæsar and his house traced the western bounda-

ries of Europe, and brought its foremost modern races on to the theatre of civilization. Columbus traced the bounds of the great world, and gave to man the full possession of his sphere. Between the two lies the Middle Age, the most notable facts of whose history, from our present point of view, are the conquests of Charlemagne and the Crusade. But the conquest of Cæsar opened the way for something more than civilization. St. Paul, in his consuming desire to push westward the conquests of the gospel, was moved by the same impulse. It is certainly a very noteworthy fact that the liberal party in Rome, of whose traditions Cæsar was the heir, seems to have been impelled by strong instinct westwards among the hardy peoples with whom lay the future of humanity; whither the same impulse in a diviner form urged the chief of the apostles, to preach that gospel, whose mission is not to destroy men's lives, but to save.*

Allowing for the difference of scale, the conquests of Cæsar produced much the same kind of stir at Rome which the expedition of Columbus aroused in Europe. It was in a high sense, in both cases, the great sensation of the time. Nothing stirs man like the expansion of the horizon of his life. It seems to lift humanity bodily to a higher platform, and to give to it the command of a wider world. It is like the opening of a new spring to the vital fountain; it sends the life-blood at once surging more swiftly through the frame. We may say with confidence that whatever, by reinforcing the vital springs, bestows new power on man, is the best benediction that can reach him. And it was this which Columbus bestowed on western Europe. Men's hearts beat with new energy and

* Space is precious, or I would quote at length the remarkable speech which Tacitus puts into the mouth of the emperor Claudius (Ann. xi. 24), in which this policy is very nobly developed. The tradition of an inclusive policy, which was handed down through Marius, Cæsar, and the Imperial house, was not suffered to perish. A greater than Claudius wrought out the idea on a wider theatre when Gregory the Great struck the key-note of the incisive policy of the Latin Church. Gregory's letters to Augustine (Bæda, B. i., ch. 27-30) have a closer relation to that speech of Claudius than may at first sight appear.

exultation; life seemed more large and free; it leaped to a new vantage-ground, and surveyed with thrilling joy the wide and splendid horizon which was unveiled.* Like David, man gives thanks to God at such times, "who has brought him out into a large place." For, above all things, man needs room to grow. The sphere of his tasks is too narrow for the range of his power. A great joy possesses him when he gets his eye on a wider, fairer realm beyond it, where enterprise may have free course and imagination boundless range. If hope saves us as immortals, imagination saves us as citizens of this world. That which enables man to breathe and work more freely in the anguish (*angustia*, narrows) of the present is the range of his imagination through wider and brighter worlds. It would be curious to trace the influence of Continental travel — the vision of snow-peaks in the upper air, and all the breadth and splendor of the mountain lands, to which we of the nineteenth century make our pilgrimage — on that enlargement of ideas and habits which is so marked a feature of our times. Murray's handbooks are in a way sacred books for our generation. But they too had their beginning in the higher regions. Shelley, Coleridge, and above all Byron, are the true fathers of the romance of travel, which is the mild form in which we take our romance in these easy and wealthy days.

And, to carry this idea into a higher region, this is the gift which Christianity has bestowed on man. That wonderful outburst of power, that resurrection of human life, which marked the age of the Advent, was the direct result of the grand apocalypse, the unveiling of heaven. When the things not seen came fully within man's horizon, he arose with an energy unknown till then to claim his birthright and to fulfil his destiny. Hope entered into the world through Christ and quickened it. It touched every hu-

man faculty with its fire; but, above all, it kindled the imagination. It offered the things "which eye hath not seen, which ear hath not heard," to the contemplation of the spirit. From that time the thoughts of earth's purest and loftiest children have been busy with the things which the very angels desire to look into — with the thoughts of God, with the hopes of Christ, with all that the Redeemer sees brightening in the far distance, beyond all the storm and the anguish of the world.

The influence of Christian ideas, and of the Christian vision of the far future, began very early to tell on the secular life of men, and on the thoughts of thinkers even in the heathen schools. The attempt to father the nobler thoughts of Seneca on St. Paul is foolish and futile. But the indirect influence of the certainty of Jewish theological ideas and of Christian beliefs, aspirations, and hopes on the intellectual and moral atmosphere which Seneca and Epictetus breathed, is a field which has yet to be fully explored. As Christianity widened its realms, there can be no question that the promises and prophecies of Scripture, substantiated as they seem to be by the visible life of the Church, exercised an influence of incalculable power on the higher thought and imagination of mankind. Such a vision as David paints in Ps. lxxii., or Isaiah in chap. lx., or Daniel in chap. vii., and which is wrought out till words and images fail in the glowing pages of the Apocalypse, may seem to many who read these words a mere vapor of the imagination. To the men who read them in those days, at any rate, and to some of us still, they carry the weight of the word of God. Men held them to be the picture, in the best forms and colors known to mortals, of the great end to which the Ruler of all things was working through all the stormy strife of history; and they were contemplated with an assurance, and cherished with a passion, which could not but tell powerfully on the innermost life of Christian society. And whenever through the Christian ages there has been a season of high excitement, in which man's faculties have been strongly strained, and his spirit

* Peter Martyr writes to Pomponius Lætus: "I feel a wonderful exultation of spirits when I converse with intelligent men who have returned from these regions. It is like an accession of wealth to a miser. Our minds, soiled and debased by the common concerns of life and the vices of society, become elevated and ameliorated by contemplating such glorious events."

has been deeply stirred, he has always been ready to believe, in spite of the warning words of Scripture, that the realization of that hope was near.

This lies very close to the true understanding of the free romantic spirit which characterizes Christian as compared with the highest forms of heathen literature, which always seems to be conscious of the narrow limits of its world. No doubt this consciousness has much to do with the exquisite form and finish which make that literature on the whole quite the finest instrument of intellectual culture which we have at our disposal. One of the reasons why modern subjects cannot take the place of the classics in the university training of our youth, is the oppressive vastness of their range, which is not a little awful to young explorers. The classical writers are something like their own Mediterranean Sea — tempting to young and timid sailors. We may easily lose more than we gain by launching our lads too early on the great ocean of modern thought.

But be that as it may, Christendom has never been without its romantic visions and enterprises, which have kindled its imagination and stirred its heart. Dreams! idle dreams! men cry from the warm, safe nest of their own prosperous and prosaic lives; but at any rate they have been strong enough to exert a very remarkable influence on the practical relations and activities of men. It is simple matter of fact that even gold-fields in this age of commerce have exercised a slighter tractive power, than was wielded by a thing of such purely ideal value as the sepulchre of Christ seven hundred years ago. Something of this romance is due, no doubt, to the Teutonic imagination, which in the young infancy of our race was a conspicuous element of its endowment, and has tintured all the Latin peoples of the West. We see something of its weird splendor in Beowulf, and still more in Scandinavian legends. But it would have remained fruitless in the highest sense if the genius of Christianity had not quickened it. Perhaps the most wonderful thing in history is the wedding of Christianity to the Teutonic race. That

marriage, at any rate, was made in heaven. Rome nursed the youth of the Church, but was not continent of its energetic manhood. Rome was both too poor and too small. In the Teutonic settlers in the fairest realms of the Empire, in their native pith and manhood, their industry and morality, their domestic virtue, their intellect, imagination, and enthusiasm, the gospel found the fair field of its noblest and most fruitful culture, while the earth found in them its most masterful and progressive sons.

The ages of chivalry furnish abundant instances of romantic enterprise, with their crowning glory, or, as some call it, their crowning folly, the Crusade. For generations it was the great romance of Christendom. It is hardly possible for us to comprehend the brilliant vision of impossible results which some of the most earnest spirits in Europe clasped by faith when they devoted themselves to this mad enterprise — mad in one sense; but it was a noble madness, with a deep method in it and with great results. We will not attempt to trace the outline of the oft-told tale; nor will we balance the well-worn arguments as to the influence of these holy wars on the development of Christian society. But one is bound to believe that a movement which stirred so deeply for ages the heart of the most Christian peoples, which fascinated some of the world's most brilliant heroes, most capable statesmen, and most self-devoted saints, must have had on the whole a high and noble use in its times. The fruit of such a movement in such a world as this is sure to be qualified by very base admixtures in sadly large proportions; but on the whole, considering its economic, intellectual, and social results, and remembering what Europe would have been about but for the Crusade, we cannot question that the result on the whole was a great gain.

There is one very remarkable influence of the Crusade, which is too little regarded in the contemplation of the great actors who move across the scene; and greater never played their part in history. It touched both deeply and purely the heart of the poor. It made rich and poor, lord and vassal, realize a unity of purpose

and passion which could not but tell strongly on their relations with each other, and help to prepare the way for that rise of the third estate to power which became the leading movement in Europe when the crusading passion was dead. St. Louis closes one era, and immediately a new one opens with Philippe le Bel, who, unlovely as he was in every way, marks an important crisis in the history of France, of the Papacy, and of Europe at large. Perhaps his shattering overthrow of Boniface the Eighth, just after the great jubilee of the Church, is the true commencement of modern history. The Crusade was to multitudes of the hungry, weary poor during those generations much what the vision painted by psalmists and prophets was to the sad, suffering poor of the Jewish State. It was a vision of something which made life under stern and hard conditions more endurable, and which seemed to open some hope of the fulfilment of the promise with which revelation had gladdened the world. There is something profoundly touching in the utter self-sacrifice which even in the poorest the Crusade enkindled; when "Christ thundered through the minds of all," and they took their way, the pilgrims of hope, in quest of a Jerusalem which, as far as this world was concerned, was only in their dreams. It was, in truth, the New Jerusalem which they were seeking — the fair realm of the rule of Christ in righteousness, charity, and peace — of which we are seekers still. It gleamed bright in their imaginations against the rude and brutal scenes in the midst of which they spent their weary days; and they sold all that they might win it. In vain; their bones whitened in the wilderness, and Jerusalem became a worse den of thieves than in the lifetime of the Lord. The waste of life and treasure was enormous, but it was a vital process — vital to that higher life of men which lives by faith in the invisible. The cost of vital processes is fearful if the waste of fibre alone is measured; it is justified only by the deep and far-stretching results.

If we want to understand a man's character and life, we must get our eye, if possible, on his ideals. We must read the romance of his nature, as well as track his steps along the dusty common levels of life. When we know what he dreams of doing, as well as what he does, there is some fair chance of understanding the man. Not otherwise is it in the history of mankind. Those Crusades, like the earlier romance of the Sanc Graal, were

through the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the poetry of the life of Christendom. They kept that life from stagnating, or dropping into sheer brutality, in its weary round of imperial, papal, and feudal wars. They mingled a fine vein of ideal enthusiasm with its contentions and ambitions; they gave to it an object which filled its imagination and saved it from hopelessly grovelling in the dust.

The poetry of a life or of an era is its sanctifying salt. I mean the poetry which it writes in deeds rather than in words. Man must live poetry before he can write it. The poet is really the recorder. He comes as the child of a great age of adventure and achievement, in which men have been living what he puts into song, stirring them thereby to new and more daring aims. But the enjoyment of art is mainly meditative. When a great poet rounds an era, it is the sign that the age of heroic effort and achievement for the time is over. An Augustan age blooms into splendors, but not into triumphs. Augustus beats his head against the wall and moans, "Give me back my legions," while Julius would have led Arminius in triumph to Rome. King James "mis-liked" men like Raleigh, who was "addicted to great actions." Elizabeth had no such tremors; but King James represented the spirit of his time. The great poetic outburst which lasted on into his reign closes for a time the era of "great actions." A new age was about to open; men had to begin to work on a new problem, and a great life had to be lived on a new theatre, which King James and his minions were all unconsciously preparing, before the day of the poet should again come round. Shakespeare grew out of a great age of splendid effort and achievement. Had there been no Columbus, no Cortez, no Pizarro, no Drake, Grenville, or Raleigh, there had been no Shakespeare. Columbus truly opens the era which Shakespeare crowns.

The Crusade, as a movement which had a practical hold on man, ended with the last sigh of St. Louis, "Oh, Jerusalem! oh, Jerusalem!" But though dead as to the flesh, it lived on in spirit and inspired Columbus. Men had striven nobly, passionately, for ages to realize their dream in the restoration of Jerusalem, and were heart-weary of their failure — except the maritime commercial cities, which had reaped golden harvests from the enterprise. But the hope which had lit the effort did not die. That was a spiritual thing, having its root in that which lives

on immutable through all the vicissitudes of human fortune — the word of the Lord. That word has always nourished in Christian hearts the hope of some great restoration of the estate of humanity, and the most earnest have ever been on the watch for some grand discovery or achievement which would bring it visibly more near. The hope died down that the kingdom would be established in Jerusalem; but the hope lived on that in some form it would appear. During the last century of revolution it has been as warm in the heart of popular leaders, as in saint and Crusader of old, and it has been fed, though they little realize it, from the same spring. No age can live without the vision of Paradise regained. As the vision closed in the East when the crusading fervor was exhausted, it seemed to open in the West. Shut out from the Eastern path, men began to gaze more wistfully over "the Sea of Darkness," along whose shores the hardest European peoples were settled, and speculated whether the path might not lie over its bosom to the fulfilment of their dreams.

These general remarks as to the aspect and bearings of the Crusade may seem to have but slight connection with such a matter as the life-work of Columbus. But the great enterprises of humanity hang on to each other in a measure little suspected. To trace one of these great links, connecting the romantic enterprise of mediæval Europe with sixteenth-century discovery, is the main object of the present paper. Columbus lived and died in heart and purpose a Crusader; he was the last of a long and glorious line. Not St. Louis himself cherished the idea of the Crusade with purer and nobler passion; it seems to have been really the mainspring of his life, and it is the one key to his vast, and from one point of view extravagant, demands; the patient and unconquerable persistence in which again and again threatened his enterprise with utter wreck. His demands were simply imperial; but we shall quite misunderstand the man if we do not see that they were based upon imperial plans and hopes. His dearest hope through life was to lead a final and triumphant Crusade, and dying he bequeathed it as a legacy to his heirs.

It seems a weak, vain vision, after all the blood and the tears which the Crusade had cost the world. We may be sure that it seemed very noble and beautiful to Columbus, an enterprise out of which the largest blessing to mankind would spring.

Always there is behind it the kingdom of the Prince of Peace, the idea of which floated winningly before the eyes of men through the stormiest and bloodiest passages of the drama of Christian history. This crusading fervor, far from being the conspicuous weakness of a noble nature, the one extravagance of a very practical and "long-minded" (*longanimidad*) man, seems to have been the mainspring of the inspiration which sustained his exhaustless energy, and the only noble explanation of demands otherwise wholly inconsistent with his singular modesty and simplicity of heart. We may smile at the visions of these lofty and daring spirits; we should do better, perhaps, to weep over our own easy contentment with the things which lie visibly within reach of our hand. A great religious hope fed the fire of resolution in the heart of Columbus, and some such hope is the blast which raises to white heat the vital force of all the purest and noblest men. Most needful is it that historians should have an eye for the poetry of the life of great leaders and great eras. It is this which makes Mr. Carlyle such a master in the school of history. Herr Teufelsdröckh found the elder Napoleon — selfish, mean, grasping, ambitious, and terribly practical as he seemed — to be a man "who lived in the idea."

The thirteenth century saw the end of the Crusades, and Europe entered then on a new and higher stage of her development. The great thirteenth century was the age, in the West, of budding nationality, of nascent art and vernacular literature. It was the robust childhood of the modern world; there is no sort of break of continuity between the age of Edward the First and St. Louis and our own. National monarchy then first decisively superseded the disorder into which feudalism had fallen, and the germs of vernacular literature, making the thoughts of the learned the common property of mankind, had started and were already promising fruit. When the fourteenth century opened, the French and English monarchies were fairly consolidated, and the people in both countries, though in different measures and under different conditions, were feeling their way to a very substantial interest in public affairs.* Early in the century Giotto was painting;

* The difference between the two countries lay mainly in the fact that the Commons in England were developing the oldest form of the national life; in France the institution lacked deep root in the past, and never became a power except through revolution.

Dante and Villani were writing; while Boniface the Eighth, the last of the great mediæval popes, had been brutally struck down by the emissary of Philippe le Bel, the French king. Philippe was a national monarch. He is an ugly enough figure in history, but a powerful one. Many things began from his days; and the papacy received at his hand, as the nearest representative of rising nationality, a blow which will prove its death-wound, though it is long in dying. The papal schism speedily followed it, and from the papal schism the line is not difficult to trace to the Reformation.

The fifteenth century witnessed the full development of vernacular literature in the leading countries of the West. The kingly power too grew mightily, and with it, under its cloak, as it were, the freedom of the people. During the break-up of the feudal order — for an order it was, of a very noble kind, in its times — the royal power was in the main the popular power. It meant tolerably fair laws and customs, better coinage, and improved conditions of life. At the worst it meant a distant tyrant with a good deal to distract his attention from particular victims, instead of a near one with little to do but to oppress. The time came when the royal power became tyrannous, and the people, with help from the great houses, had to take stern measures to limit it. But in the age of which we are now writing the strengthening of the hands of the monarch meant better conditions of life for the trading classes and the poor.* In the fifteenth century the king became more and more the representative of the nation; and his government was able to act for it in a way which would have been blankly impossible two centuries before. Nations too, becoming consolidated, were able to attempt great enterprises, and things could be undertaken on a scale such as the action of a nation alone could justify and sustain. And if it should lie in the way of great peoples to enter on distant and difficult expeditions, there was a constituted body in the royal court and government to watch over them and take charge of the results.

I dwell on this because it was a matter of very large importance with reference to such an expedition as that of Columbus. The Duke of Medina-Celi was

wisely deterred from undertaking the furnishing of Columbus for his enterprise, by the reflection that, if successful, "it would involve discoveries too important to be grasped by any but a sovereign power." In this he was unquestionably right. At no earlier period of human history could such a discovery have borne any large and lasting fruit. It was needful that a nation with a settled government should be interested in it, and should take charge of its progress. Never before the fifteenth century was there a national government in Europe with a sufficiently settled form and definite policy to take in hand such a matter as the discovery of a new world. And surely it is very wonderful — though faith gives us the mastery of the wonder by discerning the Hand which is behind the veil — that just at the critical moment when the Western nations and their governments were so far consolidated that some continuity of action on a large scale was possible; when, too, they had thoroughly possessed their limits, were multiplied in numbers, and were stimulated by growing wealth and intelligence to pant for a wider sphere; when, further, the path of Oriental conquest was closed finally, and the westward progress of civilization had led the strongest races to the shores of the great ocean, and left them there in the vigor of their lusty manhood, with no new lands in sight to conquer, — most wonderful is it that just then God should have put it into the heart of Columbus to press over that waste of waters from whose vague terrors every heart but his recoiled, and to open to the European peoples a new hemisphere of the world.

Whence do the great thoughts on which the destinies of nations and of ages hang, enter into the human spirit? Whence came to Moses the call to Canaan? whence to St. Paul the Macedonian summons? whence to Columbus the vision of the New World? The thought is one thing; the faith which grasps it as a reality, and sets it visibly before the eye of the soul, is another; and it belongs to a quite higher sphere. Therefore we speak of the spirit rather than of the intellect in inquiring into the genesis of these lofty ideas in man. The mere notion of a world across the waters may have come to Columbus from a hundred different sources. His mind may have focussed the scattered rays of expectation and conjecture about a continent beyond the western ocean which we know were floating about Europe in his young days. But

* The new monarchy, of which Mr. Green has written so ably, tyrannous as it was, was decidedly popular, and was a great step on in the development of the national liberties.

what made them more to him than to a thousand other men who came across them? Whence the sense that this was the work which was given him to do, and which he must do, even at the cost of dear life? Whence the faith that bore him through his perilous enterprise in triumph — that lofty faith that it was God's will that he should make the discovery, and that it was to God's glory that it would redound? We must read the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews for the answer. Columbus was one of the heroes of that illustrious line.

This sense of a vocation was a spiritual thing; and it was to the *thought* about the existence of a westward path across the waters to which laborious research had led him, as the spirit is to the body which it animates and inspires. We can only believe that the purpose came from him who is the fountain of all high influence on the human spirit, and that Columbus was as truly called across the ocean as Abraham was called across the river, or Saul of Tarsus across the strip of sea between Troas and Neapolis to plant a European Church. Thus, at any rate, it appeared to himself when he looked into his own heart. In a letter addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1501, he attributes his early irresistible inclination for the sea, and his passion for geographical studies, to an impulse from the Deity, preparing him for the high decrees he was chosen to accomplish.

Much curious interest attaches to the question whence the idea of habitable regions across the Atlantic was originally derived. We are able to trace it in a vague but still tangible form very far back in history. There is a curious passage in *Ælian*,* preserving a fragment of Theopompus, which records a conversation between Silenus and Midas, in which the former, a semi-divine person, says that Europe, Asia, and Africa are surrounded by the sea, but that beyond this known world is an island of immense extent, adding particulars on which there is no need to dwell. The whole passage is too fanciful for the foundation of an argument. It may be a fragment of very ancient knowledge; it may be an attempt to give a local habitation and some color of life to the abodes of the blessed. But the celebrated passage in Plato stands on quite other ground. A priest of Sais is said to have instructed Solon that there was in ancient times an island called At-

lantis, beyond, but not very remote from, the Pillars of Hercules, larger than Asia and Africa united; but it was swallowed up by an earthquake and disappeared beneath the waters, leaving such vast masses of slime on the ocean that no one had been able to navigate that region since. There is much additional matter, of a character so fabulous that we might be tempted to regard the whole tale as a political romance, but for the unquestionable physical fact which the tradition enshrines. There are various island groups in the region indicated, with clear traces of extensive volcanic action; while to the west, in mid-ocean, there is the vast bank of seaweed, covering a space almost as large as Europe, and presenting the kind of obstacle to navigation which Plato describes. The possibility of some great cataclysm in the Atlantic during the period of man's habitation of our globe is still *sub judice*. If it could be established, it would help to solve some perplexing problems; but the weight of the scientific evidence seems to tell the other way. It is hard, however, to believe that the graphic picture of the Mar de Sargasso is no more than a poet's dream.

In the Augustan age we come upon clearer indications of a belief in lands to the far west. There is the well-known passage in Strabo in which, criticising a statement of Eratosthenes, that but for the extent of the Atlantic we might easily pass by sea from Iberia to India, he objects that there may be two or even more habitable lands in the temperate zone, near the circle of latitude which is drawn through Athens and the Atlantic Ocean. This remarkable guess is really nearer to the truth than Columbus himself had reached when he had actually landed on the shores of America. Seneca ventures to assert that, with a favoring wind, a very few days' sail separates India from the shores of Spain, and in the notable passage in the "*Medea*" (ii. 375) he grows prophetic and declares:—

Venient annis sæcula seris,
Quibus oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
Tethysque novos detegat orbes;
Nec sit terris ultima Thule.

But we have something much more tangible than either imagination or tradition. Europeans, long before the time of Columbus, had actually visited the New World. It may be regarded as an established fact that about the year 1000 of our era the Northmen crossed the stormy

* Var. Hist. iii. 18.

sea from Greenland to the American coast, and sailed down at least as far as the latitude of New York. There is strong reason to believe that they reached as far south as the Mexican latitudes. Mexican legends tell of fair-haired, god-like strangers, who are best explained from the Norwegian coasts.* But this furnishes a remarkable proof of the point on which we have already insisted. These Scandinavian rovers accomplished nothing, precisely because they were rovers. They had no powerful, consolidated European nation to back them and to assume the charge of the regions which they discovered. Daring courage and hardy perseverance were spent freely on the enterprise for generations; but having no deep European root, it withered away, and it had become but a tradition when Columbus visited Iceland to gather up all the knowledge which could furnish him for his great work.

It was from Spain that the grand attempt was to be made, and rightly. The Spanish peninsula had during the fifteenth century been the mother and nurse of oceanic discovery, and to the peninsula belonged of right the honor of an expedition which was to unveil to Europe a new world. Prince Henry of Portugal is the greatest name in the early history of maritime discovery. He was born in 1394; he died in 1463; and he consecrated a long and noble life to the work of sending expeditions down the coast of Africa and out westwards to the islands of the Atlantic. We say "consecrated." He thus describes his motive: "Neither mariner nor merchant would be likely to adopt an enterprise in which there was no clear hope of profit. It belonged, therefore, to the great men and princes; and among such he knew of no one but himself who was inclined to it." His motto was, "The talent to do good." During his life and by his efforts Madeira and the Cape de Verde Islands were discovered, and exploration was carried down the coast of Africa from Cape Bojador to Sierra Leone. In 1441 he obtained from the pope for the crown of Portugal a grant of all the lands which might be discovered between Cape Bojador and the Indies, of which grant more was heard in the days of Columbus. For Englishmen it has interest that this great prince was grandson to John of Gaunt and first cousin to our Henry the Fifth,

another adventurous, heroic man of remarkable power, who, had he lived on, might have given a new shape to history. So there was good Norse and English blood in the veins of the man who opened the chapter of maritime discovery in modern days. After his death the work went bravely on. In 1487 Bartholomew Diaz doubled the Cape of Good Hope — Cape Tormentoso, he called it — and the path to India was made plain.

Thus far Portugal had the glory and the profit of these wonderful discoveries. Portugal was then a compact and flourishing kingdom; Spain was in the agony of its deadly conflict with the Moors. But in 1492 the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella took Granada, and the Moorish occupation of Spain was at an end. The conquest was followed by a very rapid development of the resources of the nation, and at the close of the century, the period of the great discoveries of Columbus, the Spanish court was probably the most powerful and splendid in the world.

Into the midst of the stirring, enterprising life of the fifteenth century Columbus was born. The date of his birth is uncertain. Mr. Irving fixes it at about 1435, Mr. Helps at 1447 or 1448, a conclusion which Mr. Major, in his masterly introduction to the volume of the "Select Letters of Columbus," which he has edited for the Hakluyt Society, confirms. I have no intention of tracing even in outline the well-known tale of the life of Columbus; my concern at present is rather with his relation to the times in which he lived, with one or two remarkable passages of his writings, and with a few equally noteworthy passages of his life. But it is deeply important that we should understand that his great discovery was the fruit of as stern, rough, perilous, and persistent work as was accomplished by any man living in his generation. After a brief course at the University of Pavia, which must have terminated at an age when our modern boys are about in the fourth form at school, and where, no doubt, he laid the foundation of his scientific knowledge and acquirements, we hear of him in England, in Iceland, and at El Mina, far down the African coast. Then he settles himself at Porto Santo, an island of the Madeira group, and then about the westernmost outpost of civilization. He visited every place, gathered up every report, and looked into everything which could give substance and shape to the great idea which was burning as a consuming

* See the appendix to Mr. Laing's translation of the *Heimskringla* for a full account of these expeditions, and a vindication of the evidence on which they rest.

fire within. He studied every chart, brooded over every book of the great geographers of his own and earlier times, and kept-up correspondence with all who could help onward the work which he believed in his inmost soul that the God of Heaven had called him to do. Above all, he seems to have fortified his soul by constant study of the Word of God. Probably few men of his day were so familiar with the Bible as Columbus. It is said that in the assembly of notables which was gathered at Salamanca to sit in judgment on his "idea," they began to assail him with quotations from Scripture. And when have the professional theologians failed to wrest Scripture to sustain their opposition to every onward movement of the human spirit, and to every expansion of the limits of the kingdom of heaven? Passages from Genesis, the Psalms, the Prophets, the Epistles, were launched at him, and he found himself, to his amazement, in peril of being condemned as a heretic. Then, after enduring for a while this baiting with singular patience, he loosed the bonds by which he had restrained his passionate eloquence, and fulminated texts in return—grand, prophetic words with which he had fed his lofty spirit, splendid visions of the far future, over which he had brooded, and in which he believed that his idea had been outlined by a divine hand. The experts discovered to their amazement, and not for the first time, that the layman understood more of the Divine Word than themselves.

But this reveals the steps by which genius leaps to its triumphs. Not by staying at home and dreaming, but by hard, stern, dangerous work in the very thick of the busiest movement of his times, his great vocation became clear to the soul of Columbus. And this is universally the habit of the loftiest genius. The most patient toil is always behind its most brilliant achievements. So Columbus knew more of the art and the mystery of discovery than any other man even of his daring and adventurous time, through perilous and manifold labors; just as Turner knew more of nature through long, constant, and intense observation than any other painter of his day. Hence the victorious genius of these men, instead of being a brilliant flash with no sustaining power behind it, was a guiding light, fed by the fuel of knowledge and fanned by the breath of consuming eagerness for work. Accident, a lucky guess, accounts for nothing upon earth which

endures. It is always to the completest knowledge that the inspiration comes.

Throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Europe was full of wild excitement about the riches and wonders of the far East. The narrative of Polo* inflamed the imagination of the West, and made Cathay the El Dorado of the adventurous spirits of the time. But there seems to be no valid reason for doubting that, besides the Scandinavian explorers, European mariners may have visited the shores of the New World. The narrative of Edrisi of the expedition of the Almagurins probably points to a voyage, before the middle of the twelfth century, to some of the African rather than the American islands. But it is difficult to disprove the voyage and settlement of the Welsh prince Madoc in the twelfth century, though, as Mr. Major justly observes, the evidence is so vague and unsatisfactory that an affirmative conclusion would be presumptuous. But the voyage of the fisherman of the Faroe Islands—who is said to have sailed into the far West and to have discovered Estotiland and Drogeo, identified by Kohl with Nova Scotia and New England, and which led Antonio Zeno westwards towards the close of the twelfth century, till he landed on an island called Icaria, from which, however, he was driven by the inhabitants—rests on better testimony, and may be accepted as having, at any rate, solid bases of fact: while, on the other hand, the voyage of the Cortereals to the Terra del Baccahaos—the Land of Codfish—in 1463-4, may be regarded as fabulous. It rests on poor authority, and grew, no doubt, out of the vanity and envy of the Portuguese.

But these floating ideas of a continent in the far west detract nothing from the true glory of Columbus. It was practically an unknown path that he trod; and he trod it with a method, a foresight, a purpose, and a grasp of results, which made the realm that he conquered all his own.

And whence came the strength to conquer it? Why of all the men who were busy in that age thinking and talking about that unknown west did this man feel that his great life-work was to discover it, so that neither bonds nor afflictions could move him from it, nor beggary, nor contumely, nor the near vision of death? None who have studied his letters can hesitate about the answer. Paul

* Those not familiar with the subject would do well to consult the learned notes in Colonel Yule's sumptuous edition of "Marco Polo's Travels."

did not believe more absolutely that Christ had called him to go to the Gentiles, than did Columbus that God had ordained him to open that path for mankind. There was in him a consuming eagerness, and yet a grand, an almost divine, patience, which the conviction of a call from God alone explains. How intensely the fire burned within him both his letters and actions reveal. It is said that his hair turned quite white through the inward travail before he was thirty years of age. And yet there is something altogether sublime in the patience with which he endured a succession of bitter disappointments, which would have broken utterly the spirit of all but the very strongest and noblest of mankind, and refused even to catch at the fulfilment of his hope except on terms which he believed that he had a sacred right to insist upon, and which aimed at an object yet dearer than discovery to his great, aspiring heart.

In his letter to the sovereigns in 1501, after he had been sent back to Spain in irons, he declares his solemn conviction that his mind had been opened by God, "as with a palpable hand," so as to discover the navigation to the Indies, who had also inflamed him with ardor to undertake the enterprise. "Animated as with a heavenly fire, I came to your Highnesses. All who heard of my enterprise mocked at it. . . . In your Highnesses alone remained faith and constancy. Who will doubt that this light was from the Holy Scriptures, illumining you as well as myself with rays of marvellous brightness?" This is the true key to his career. This inward consuming fire burned in his bones, and made rest impossible till his work was done. "I can do no other, God help me," was his language through life before kings and councils; and so intense was the conviction, so pure and lofty was the bearing of his spirit, that something of the awe with which inspired men must once have been listened to, fell on the nobler sort of men and women everywhere who heard his words. And the experience of these chief servants of the Most High was his in the fullest measure. Abraham had but a grave which he could call his own in the land of promise. "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me," cried Paul in his supreme hour of trial. "Alone, yet not alone, for the Father is with me," said a greater than Paul when the cloud of the last anguish was darkening around. And Columbus lived to write

to his sovereigns from the Indies in 1503, when his course was well-nigh run:—

I am indeed in as ruined a condition as I have related. Hitherto I have wept over others; may Heaven now have mercy upon me, and may the earth weep for me. With regard to temporal things, I have not even a *blanca* for an offering; and in spiritual things I have ceased here in the Indies from observing the prescribed forms of religion. Solitary in my trouble, sick, and in daily expectation of death, surrounded by millions of hostile savages full of cruelty, and thus separated from the blessed Sacraments of our Holy Church, how will my soul be forgotten if it be separated from the body in this foreign land! Weep for me, whoever has charity, truth, and justice!

Still more touching, perhaps, is this passage from the same letter:—

Such is my fate that the twenty years of service through which I have passed with so much toil and danger have profited me nothing, and at this very day I do not possess a roof in Spain that I can call my own. If I wish to eat or sleep, I have nowhere to go but to the inn or tavern, and most times lack wherewith to pay the bill.

"Troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Nothing but the intense conviction of a divine vocation could have borne the strain of this anguish, or uplifted his heart through all the years of weary waiting, during which, as has been keenly said, he travelled as a beggar from court to court to offer to princes the discovery of a world. Through the whole of his life-course the same lofty conviction is conspicuous, and at critical moments, like Paul, he seemed to hear the voice which called him, cheering him and bidding him on. His celebrated trance at a moment of desperate danger, which he thus recounts to the sovereigns in the letter from which I have quoted some passages, is full of the deepest interest from this point of view:—

At length, groaning with exhaustion, I fell asleep, and heard a compassionate voice address me thus: "O fool, and slow to believe and to serve thy God, the God of all! What did he do more for Moses, or for David his servant, than he has done for thee? From thine infancy he has kept thee under his constant and watchful care. When he saw thee arrived at an age which suited his designs respecting thee, he brought wonderful renown to thy name throughout all the land. He gave thee for thine own the Indies, which form so large a portion of the world, and thou hast divided them as it pleased thee, for he gave thee the

power to do so. He gave thee also the keys of those barriers of the ocean sea which were closed with such mighty chains; and thou wast obeyed through many lands, and gained an honorable fame throughout Christendom. What did the Most High do for the people of Israel when he brought them out of Egypt, or for David, whom from a shepherd he made to be king in Judæa? Turn to him and acknowledge thine error. His mercy is infinite. Thine old age shall not prevent thee from accomplishing any great undertaking. He holds under his sway the greatest possessions. Abraham had exceeded a hundred years of age when he begat Isaac, nor was Sarah young. Thou criest out for uncertain help; answer, who has afflicted thee so much and so often, God or the world? The privileges promised by God he never fails in bestowing; nor does he ever declare, after a service has been rendered him, that such was not agreeable to his intentions, or that he regarded the matter in another light; nor does he inflict suffering in order to make a show of his power. His acts answer to his words, and he performs all his promises with interest. Is this the usual course? Thus I have told thee what the Creator has done for thee, and what he does for all men. Even now he partially shows thee the reward of so many toils and dangers, incurred by thee in the service of others." I heard all this as it were in a trance; but I had no answer to give in definite words, and could but weep for my errors. He who spoke to me, whoever he was, concluded by saying, "Fear not, but trust; all these tribulations are recorded on marble, and not without cause."

And faith of this strain and temper alone could have accomplished the enterprise. A curious story is told of a treacherous trick which was suggested by the Bishop of Ceuta to the king of Portugal, when Columbus was at his court soliciting his help in the adventure. Columbus was encouraged by promises to develop his plans fully; then a ship was privately sent out on the quest. But tricksters are never heroes, and fail miserably in heroic work. The treacherous explorers soon got desperately frightened; they came home with a dismal account of the perils which they had encountered, and reported that the enterprise was irrational and ridiculous. It wants something more than a nimble brain to work these great works of God. Only a pious, faithful, God-sustained heart could bear the tremendous strain of that effort. No stolen fire could reach that New World.

But just in the measure in which we realize the sacredness of that sense of a divine vocation which inspired and sustained Columbus, is it difficult at first sight to understand those vast, imperial demands for himself and his family which

he laid before the monarchs as the condition of his conduct of the expedition; demands from which he would make no abatement, though again and again they threatened to wreck the enterprise in its very inception, and ultimately wrecked his life. The terms on which he insisted seemed extravagant to all who heard them; but he would accept no modification, and appeared to be prepared to make his glorious enterprise contingent on the securing of certain almost imperial dignities and proceeds for himself. And yet he was among the most simple and modest of men, used to hard toil and hard fare, and utterly careless about himself and his surroundings compared with the work which God had given him to do. The terms which were at last agreed upon were as follows: 1. That Columbus should have, for himself during his life, and his heirs and successors forever, the office of admiral in all the lands and continents which he might discover or acquire in the ocean, with similar honors and prerogatives to those enjoyed by the high admiral of Castile in his district. 2. That he should be viceroy and governor-general over all the said lands and continents, with the privilege of nominating three candidates for the government of each island or province, one of whom should be selected by the sovereigns. 3. That he should be entitled to reserve for himself one-tenth of all pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, spices, etc., found or gained within this admiralty. 4. That he or his lieutenant should be the sole judge in all causes and disputes arising out of traffic between those countries and Spain. 5. That he might then, and at all after times, contribute an eighth part of the expense in fitting out vessels to sail on this enterprise, and receive an eighth part of the profits.

These were the truly imperial terms which the monarchs would not listen to. They offered more moderate, though still very liberal, conditions, but Columbus peremptorily rejected them; and, worn as he was and sick at heart with long years of fruitless solicitation, he quitted the Spanish court, and with it all reasonable hope of accomplishing his enterprise. He had not ridden far when Isabella sent messengers to recall him; and, assured at last that his terms would be accepted, he consented to retrace his steps.

Now, it seems at first sight incredible that a man who knew himself called of God to a great work should refuse to attempt it except on terms which all men

regarded as extravagant. "Let the work be done, no matter what may become of me and my fortunes," one would think would be the language of his spirit; "anyhow, by any sacrifice, let me only reach that western continent and open the path to others, though I die when I touch the shore." But the terms seemed to his mind well-nigh as sacred as the commission. Thus only would he go; if no prince would accept his conditions, the work must fall into some other hand. In the case of a man of the spirit and temper of Columbus there is but one way of accounting for his indomitable insistence on conditions which again and again seemed to threaten wreck to his hopes, and that is on the principle which Mr. Helps suggests in his masterly history of the Spanish Conquest—that the discovery of the Indies was but a step in his mind to greater undertakings, as they seemed to him, which he had in view, a glance at which will bring this paper to a close.*

* I have said above that the magnitude of these pretensions ultimately wrecked his life. It seems to me that this was behind the ostensible and no doubt grave reasons which led to his recall from his government, and to the series of humiliations, losses, and disappointments which ultimately wore his life away. There can be no doubt that he did not shine as a ruler, though he was *facile princeps* among navigators. Things would have gone much better in the Indies could his brother Bartholomew, quite the ablest ruler whom we meet with in the early history of the colony, have managed the administration with a direct commission from the crown, while the admiral devoted himself to the work of discovery. No doubt there was confusion and distress enough in the colony to justify grave anxiety in a cautious and keen-sighted statesman like Ferdinand, and to lead him to desire earnestly to get Columbus away. But probably the real reason lay deeper still. In 1497, Vasco de Gama opened the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope, and riches at once poured into the Portuguese treasury. Ferdinand then began to grasp fully the enormous magnitude and wealth of the regions which Columbus had laid open, and saw that he had conferred something like royal power on the discoverer and his heirs. And Columbus was not a man to make light of his position or of his rights. In his dream the words occur, "He gave thee for thine own the Indies . . . and thou hast divided them as it pleased thee, for He gave thee the power to do so." Such a spirit in Columbus would rouse all Ferdinand's jealousy, while the vast powers with which he was invested might easily appear perilous to the State. The very year of the recall of Columbus Brazil was discovered; the empire was evidently both vast and splendid of which he had made Columbus and his heirs viceroys for all time. We need nothing more to enable us to understand how a wily and suspicious monarch like Ferdinand came to the conclusion that the admiral must be withdrawn finally from his government, while he was soothed by excuses and beguiled by promises which ultimately wore out his noble heart. The enormous claim was probably the deepest root of the mischief. He made himself too powerful and dangerous for a subject. It was inevitable, as the world goes, that somehow he should be stripped of his hardly won honors and gains. There is more to be said on the ground of public policy for Ferdinand's action than historians and biographers of Columbus are willing to allow. But, like himself, he did what had to be done in the worst possible, the most selfish, base, and cruel way.

Columbus was the last great dreamer who dreamed the dream of the Crusade. It lay deeper in his mind, if possible, than maritime discovery, and nearer to his heart. The moment that the terms were fairly settled he opened his project to the sovereigns, and suggested that the vast wealth which he expected would accrue from his discovery should be devoted to the pious purpose "of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem from the power of the infidels." When he came home in triumph* he made a vow to furnish within seven years an army consisting of five thousand horse and fifty thousand foot for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, and a similar force within the five following years. How tenaciously he held to his purpose we may gather from the fact that when he was brought home in chains to Spain, and was in the deepest sorrow and distress, he prepared an elaborate appeal to the sovereigns to undertake the fulfilment of the vow which his poverty and weakness forbade him to redeem; he wrote at the same time to the pope, affirming that his enterprise had been undertaken with the intent of dedicating the gains to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; and, that the evidence may be complete, he reaffirmed it solemnly in death in his last testament, and committed it as the dearest object of his heart, the most sacred purpose of his life, for fulfilment to his heirs.†

* The letter to the sovereigns in which it was recorded has perished, and some little doubt rests on the date of the vow.

† Item: The said Don Diego, or whoever shall inherit the estate, must remit in bills, or in any other way, all such sums as he may be able to save out of the revenue of the estate, and direct purchases to be made in his name, or that of his heirs, in a stock in the Bank of St. George, which gives an interest of six per cent. and in secure money; and this shall be devoted to the purpose which I am about to explain.

"Item: As it becomes every man of property to serve God, either personally or by means of his wealth; and as all moneys deposited with St. George are quite safe, and Genoa is a noble city and powerful by sea; and as at the time that I undertook to set out for the discovery of the Indies it was with the intention of supplicating the king and queen, our lords, that whatever moneys should be derived from the said Indies should be invested in the conquest of Jerusalem; and as I did so supplicate them, if they do this, it will be well; if not, at all events the said Diego, or such person as may succeed him in this trust, to collect together all the money he can and accompany the king, our lord, should he go to the conquest of Jerusalem, or else go there himself with all the force he can command; and in pursuing this intention it will please the Lord to assist towards the accomplishment of the plan; and should he not be able to effect the conquest of the whole, no doubt he will achieve it in part. Let him, therefore, collect and make a fund of all his wealth in St. George of Genoa, and let it multiply there till such a time as it may appear to him that something of consequence may be effected as respects the project on Jerusalem; for I believe that when their Highnesses shall see that this is contemplated, they will wish to realize it themselves,

Here is the simple but sufficient explanation of his imperial and imperious demands. He needed royal revenues for what he felt to be royal work. Were there room to discuss the matter, it would not, I think, be difficult to show that this vast scheme dictated much of the policy which produced such confusion and distress in his government, and perhaps had something to do with that sad, dark scheme for freighting the homeward-bound ships with slaves, which so wounded Isabella's heart. It is a strange passage of human history, this mixture of the keenest practical sagacity with the wildest romantic speculation; the most solid discovery ever made by man, made for the sake of fulfilling the maddest dream. Thus at least it looks upon the surface, and what are we to say? Was it all delusion together, the call and the Crusade — was it all the vain imagination of a zealot's heart? How shall we believe in the call across the waters, when the call to Jerusalem seemed to be as clear? I know not that anywhere in Scripture it is represented that men called of God are taken possession of and used as instruments; so that whatever comes from them must be regarded as bearing the impress of the divine seal. There is an inner core of purpose planted, an inner fountain of inspiration opened, but it mixes itself with the whole humanity of the man, all his musings, imaginings, stirrings, and aspirings, and lends to them all, according to their dignity, a sacred fervor; but it is not always easy for the man himself, far less for others, to disentangle clearly the thread of the divine thought and purpose which is making him its organ from the woof of his own. Always there is in such an inner core of divine purpose, which is the ruling power in their lives, but much pulp may gather round it from their own nature, which also they may mistake for divine. No prophet has laid bare the inner workings of the divine Spirit on his spirit; we should have some wondrous revelations were that holy of holies unveiled.

But I know not that we have any need of such considerations in estimating the great admiral's dream of the Crusade. It is impossible for us to grasp its full significance unless we understand what the Crusade meant to his imagination and to his heart.

Three things were deeply associated in

or will afford him, as their servant and vassal, the means of doing it for them."

the mind of Columbus; he believed that they were about to happen in glorious succession — the discovery of the New World, the conversion of the Gentiles, and the recovery of Jerusalem, to be the metropolis of the fair realm of Christ, and the centre and source of boundless benediction to mankind. We may believe that there were two strong reasons, at any rate, for the fascination which the Crusade exercised over his spirit. In the first place, it rooted his new and untried enterprise in the heart of all that was most noble, religious, and aspiring in the past history of Christendom; it linked his novel, and in one sense material, enterprise with the visions of saints, the sacrifice of martyrs, the achievements of heroic spirits, through the most glorious ages of Christian history. Columbus, man of the new age as he was, its true captain, was a man of the mediæval type of saintliness in spirit. Despite his relation to Beatrice Enriquez (the whole truth of which has evidently not come down to us, and which is probably the stumbling-block in the way of his much-talked-of canonization at Rome), he had much of the temper of the saintly mediæval churchman; and with him it was essential to root his enterprise in the past strivings and aspirings of Christendom, and to weave in its achievements with the most sacred enterprises and hopes of the Church. We may lament that his great practical object should have been mixed up with so much aimless and hopeless endeavor; but the core of that endeavor was what seemed to him most vital in the life of Christendom, and it lent to his novel and as yet, to his mediæval eye, unconsecrated enterprise that sacredness which to a man of his fervent and pious spirit was essential — without which he would never have had the heart to enter upon it at all. And secondly, the Crusade to a man of his temper and peculiar culture was closely associated with a glorious extension of the divine reign. For him it meant the gathering in of the Gentiles to the kingdom, the lighting up of the heathen darkness, the overthrow of all enemies of man's nobler nature, the establishment of the throne of Christ on the very soil which his tears and blood had consecrated, and the dawn of a new day of righteousness, charity, and peace on this sad, suffering world. And the vision lent, to the eye of Columbus, a grand human interest to the expedition to which the inward voice was urging him; it was his way of linking on his mission to the

blessed Christian hope of the future of the world.

All the loftiest spirits of our race in some shape dream this dream. All the great constructive thinkers, from Pythagoras and Plato to Comte, have found the loftiest exercise of their imperial intelligence in constructing the scheme of the restitution of all things — regenerate man in a regenerate world. Columbus had the visions of the prophets before him; he believed that the great scheme of restitution had been sketched there by a divine hand. "Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son. . . . He shall judge thy people with righteousness and the poor with judgment. . . . He shall judge the poor of the people; he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor. . . . He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, like showers that water the earth. In his days shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth." Thus ran the music that filled his ear as he meditated on the coming triumphs of the kingdom, as the vision passed before the eye of his spirit of all that the hand of Christ was about to accomplish for the world. The Crusade, the recovery of Jerusalem, following, as he firmly believed that it would follow, on the ingathering of the Gentiles, seemed to him the dawn of that blessed and glorious day. Sin destroyed in the very root, selfishness cast out from man's heart; tyranny, wrong, cruelty, expelled from the world; society organized as a Christian brotherhood; discord quelled, tears banished, pain unknown; ministries between man and man, household and household, nation and nation, vivid and abundant, and charged everywhere with rich benediction for mankind; all that sages have forecast of human progress, all that poets have sung of the glory of the latter day, all that prophets have pictured of the kingdom of Heaven — this was the vision (and if Christ be king who shall say that it is a false one?) with which he fed and fired his lofty spirit, and nerved himself for the grandest secular enterprise ever accomplished by one lonely man in the history of our race. And his was the hand which was destined to help onward the great consummation; his discovery was to be a vital link in the divine scheme for the restitution of all things, and the fulfilment of the hope with which the Creator made the worlds.

A dream! an idle dream! would be the

judgment of our generation on the vision. Yes, a dream, a fruitless dream, if man's thought is the only parent of it; unless, as the world's strongest workmen, deepest thinkers, and bravest leaders, have believed through all the ages, there is One on high who lives to fulfil the dream.

J. BALDWIN BROWN.

From Temple Bar.

THE STORY OF A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

BY LADY LINDSAY (OF BALCARRES).

PART I.

"In a strange land
Such things, however trivial, reach the heart,
And through the heart the head, clearing away
The narrow notions that grow up at home."

ROGERS.

THREE people, a large black box, and a small portmanteau, were being conveyed with all possible haste from the Piazza to the railway station at Venice. This is a long distance, and Mr. Goodchild thought it necessary to say from time to time in the British-Italian of which he was so justly proud, —

"*Presto, presto, we must really get on. Andiamo molto presto, gondoliere!*"

The chief gondolier, who was a handsome, brown-faced fellow, gave a gracious bend of the head and a pitying smile.

"*Sì, sì, signore,*" he said softly, then, raising a loud shout of "*Stali!*" he exerted the muscles of his back and arms to their utmost extent, and the gondola shot swiftly and wonderfully round the next sharp bend of the canal, speeding on its way with increased velocity. For reasons best known to themselves, but incomprehensible to Mr. Goodchild, the gondoliers had chosen to avoid the Grand Canal during a great part of the transit, persistently following a labyrinth of narrow and dirty places, where they steered clear of many threatening dangers with a dexterity that was simply marvellous. Skimming along the winding path of water the travellers glided by majestic buildings with deserted stone steps and painted wooden piles; they bent their heads and darted beneath innumerable little bridges that were built with arches uncomfortably low, and, more wonderful than all, they found themselves mercifully freed from the contact of the huge barges and punts that cling together in a hopelessly inextricable mass in the narrowest thoroughfares of Venice.

Every now and then, certainly, the gondola was pulled up with a tremendous

rush of water against the oars, whilst a torrent of Venetian slang was rapidly interchanged between the angry gondoliers and some aggrieved old man who was baling out dirty water from one of the big wooden boats; but, after a moment's pause, the little black craft, saved from imminent and deadly peril, flew on with new ardor towards its next hairbreadth escape. Mr. Goodchild drew a long breath; Mrs. Goodchild, who was stout, gasped nervously, and murmured repeatedly, "Oh Lord, oh Lord! Really, Thomas, it can't be safe; and—dear me, the smell!"

"It is low tide, and the smell is said to be wholesome," replied Mr. Goodchild grimly. "It seems to suit the crabs, at any rate."

Fanny Ward, his niece, laughed at this, and showed her pearly teeth through the "complexion" veil of black-spotted net that made her cream-white face seem more creamy still. She enjoyed a slight sense of danger; besides, it amused her to see the agile little crabs, who were frightened at the approach of human beings, and went scurrying down the walls into the green slush.

Presently the gondola emerged into purer waters and clearer atmosphere, and found itself in the wake of several other gondolas equally laden with luggage, and similarly bound for the railway station.

"We shall be late," said Mrs. Goodchild.

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" exclaimed Mr. Goodchild, with thorough knowledge of the Italian language. "*Presto, presto*, we shall be *molto ritardo!*"

But the dark-faced sons of the Adriatic were on their mettle. They strained every nerve to distance all other competitors. Over the dancing blue waters flew the Goodchilds' gondola, with a motion so silent and steady that its swiftness was scarcely realized.

Then, as they neared the station, there was much shouting, much pushing forward, much crowding and jostling of boats, and a great deal of laughing and gesticulation. Every one was good-tempered and noisy. All but Mr. Goodchild; he was not noisy, though he waved his hand with British pride as he stepped on shore, for his gondola had been among the first to arrive; neither was he particularly good-tempered, for he spoke hurriedly, and somewhat crossly, as he helped his stout wife to land.

"Come along, come along, my dear; Fanny will miss her train for certain."

And this adjuration had the effect of causing Mrs. Goodchild to say, "*Via, via,*" (her one word of Italian) to the old man who stood armed with a hook at the end of a long pole, begging for a copper from the stony-hearted *signora*.

"You needn't hurry so much, after all," remarked Fanny Ward quietly. "There are plenty of other people evidently going by the same train as mine; look at all the boxes and bags and portmanteaus!"

She tripped daintily on shore as she spoke; she possessed remarkably neat ankles, and walked with a light, springy step as she proceeded to follow her uncle and aunt to the platform, Giuseppe, the gondolier, having undertaken to procure her ticket and book her luggage. But, before entering the building, she turned to give one last look at beautiful Venice. She had been happy, moderately happy, with the Goodchilds; perhaps that hers was not a nature to make for itself nor yet to appreciate any great happiness; as she looked back on the broad glittering canal, and the lofty palaces on either side, she felt a gentle pleasure, so to speak, in that she had been happy, that she had, in fact, thoroughly enjoyed her holiday. At any rate, it was quite certain that she had known no cause for unhappiness. There had been no great excitements; she had met but few friends or acquaintances; she did not care so much for Carpaccio and Bellini as many other people appeared to care; still, life at Venice was certainly pleasant, bright, and new; the music in the Piazza was charming, as well as the coffee, and the moonlight nights. On the whole, Fanny Ward would carry home with her to the little house in Brompton many harmonious reveries and quiet half-toned reminiscences; these were hers to keep and remember during the rest of her monotonous life, hers as much and as truly as the blue glass beads and the photographs that filled one-half of her portmanteau.

Fanny heaved a sigh when, after a moment's contemplation, she turned away, and walked slowly into the ugly modern building that is the station at Venice. She scarcely knew the meaning of her sigh; it was not pain, it was barely regret. She began to wonder what it might be, for she had a strong love of self-analysis, but her cogitations were suddenly interrupted by the approach of Giuseppe with her ticket. This was no time for retrospection; she hurriedly placed a little paper bank-note worth a few francs in the palm of the man's brown hand, whereupon he

bent and kissed her slender gloved fingers with the deference of an Italian; Mr. Goodchild called fiercely to her from the platform; her aunt waved a parasol distractedly, and, with hasty farewells to Giuseppe and Venice at one and the same time, Fanny ran off to join her excited relatives.

"You really are a terrible dawdle!" cried Mr. Goodchild angrily.

"Don't scold her now, Thomas, when she is just leaving us," said Mrs. Goodchild plaintively. "Are you sure you have got all your things, Fanny, my dear? Your keys for the custom-house? Your book, your bag? And don't forget to give my love to your mother when you get home, and tell her —"

"You had better get in and settle yourself, Fanny," said her uncle authoritatively; "the train will start in another minute. Every carriage is pretty well full, but I have got a place for you here; goodbye, my dear, jump in."

He shook hands with her as he spoke, and Mrs. Goodchild fell upon her neck. Fanny did not much appreciate either the tears or the kisses which were pressed in quick, damp succession on her cheeks, and which she carried, as relics, outside her veil for the next half-hour.

The compartment, with the exception of a place near the farthest window reserved for Fanny, was indeed quite full, and she had some difficulty in getting to her seat, though several encouraging hands were held out to help her. When she was finally settled, she found herself opposite to a burly, red-faced Frenchman, whose long, carefully waxed moustache was a marvellous combination of nature and art. The centre of the compartment was occupied by an Italian family, and the window-seats nearest the platform were filled by an officer dressed in the national uniform of blue and silver, and a tall but unobtrusive-looking Englishman, whose thin, spare, north-country face was turned with an expressionless stare towards a little knot of Italians who were arguing and gesticulating on the platform. The blue-and-silver officer, who was also gazing out of the window, was curiously watching the Goodchilds, for they still remained near the door, burdening Fanny's memory with innumerable messages and injunctions. Possibly he understood something of the English language; at any rate, he smiled slightly from time to time, and his brown eyes twinkled as they rested on Mrs. Goodchild's flushed face.

At last came a railway official, and Fanny and the rest of the travellers held out for his investigation the pink volumes that were by courtesy called tickets.

"*Londres*," murmured Fanny.

"*Milano*," said the father of the family.

"*Pour moi, Milan*," quoth the Frenchman.

"*Torino*," muttered the officer, without removing the toothpick he was dexterously balancing between his lips.

"London," said the Englishman definitely.

"London," repeated Fanny to herself; "then we two shall be fellow-travellers all the way," and she glanced furtively across the carriage. But her fellow-traveller was ensconcing himself comfortably in his corner, and his face was already hidden behind the last new number of *Temple Bar*.

At this moment, the train began to puff itself out of the station, slowly and, in the *dolce far niente* style of Italian trains, with much deliberation starting on its way. Fanny, for want of a better occupation, interested herself in the Milanese family. The father was deep in the study of the "*Fanfulla*," but the mother, a pinched, disappointed-looking woman, the daughter, a slight, dark-haired girl, and the son, a precocious little imp of nine or ten, with eyes and hair as black as ink, set up a lengthy conversation, which was carried on in shrill, high-pitched voices, and with much unnecessary energy.

At least so it seemed to Fanny; yet it amused her to watch the artificial gestures of the small boy, who evidently aped the manners of the Italian gentleman he had admired in the Corso.

The road was laid upon a high and narrow bank; on either side were tracts of shallow water and low mud-hills. Every now and then, Fanny, gazing out of the window, caught sight of a stray gondola, or a boat with a yellow sail that reminded her of Venice. But soon Mestre was reached, and the lovely water country was hidden away in the distance, whilst the train followed its straight course through the rich and sheltered plains of Lombardy. It was early autumn, and the peasants stood beneath the stripped mulberry-trees and wreathing clusters of green vines, holding great bunches of golden maize under their arms, and pausing in their work to watch the train go by. Men and women alike were browned by the sun, in spite of the huge straw hats they wore, and some tiny children, scantily clothed, and lying kicking about on

the warm, dry earth, were as bronzed and tanned as though they had been reared beneath the burning glare of Africa. For indeed, in Lombardy, the rays of Phœbus are exceedingly fierce, and, as the day wore on, the roof of the carriage seemed to press down on the travellers with a burden of intolerable heat. Miss Ward took from her travelling-bag a small Japanese fan, and fanned herself gently; the red-faced Frenchman groaned and puffed, and murmured imprecations softly to himself in his native tongue; the Milanese gentleman dexterously wound his pocket-handkerchief round his neck, pushing it down beneath his shirt, so that his own high temperature should not take the stiffness out of the beautifully starched white collar he wore, whilst his family chattered on, and looked as though, salamander-like, they absolutely enjoyed the heat. The officer leaned out of the window, presenting a view of his sky-blue back and grey legs to the assembled company, and the imperturbable Englishman, after a momentary glance of disapproval at the officer's attitude, quietly continued to read.

And so the time wore slowly on.

Meanwhile, though Fanny's eyes were often intent upon the scenery through which she was journeying, and were sometimes equally occupied in gleaning amusement from the movements or conversation of her neighbors, she grew painfully conscious of the rude stare with which the Frenchman favored her with but little intermission. It was a stare of admiration certainly, but an admiration of so coarse and impertinent a kind that Fanny instinctively turned from it, and felt her anger rising in a crimson glow to her pale cheeks. Fanny Ward was no longer in her first youth, and had been accustomed from time immemorial to go about and shift for herself in public thoroughfares, travelling under the safe protection of the natural innocence and self-possession of an English lady. Her mother, who was somewhat of an invalid, had fallen into what are called reduced circumstances; she was poor, but considered herself and her daughter to be "thoroughly genteel." It had oftentimes been a grief to her that she was obliged to send that daughter unattended and unchaperoned into the wide world.

Fanny, as she felt the Frenchman's eyes riveted on her countenance, kept her own eyes fixed in the direction of the little Milanese boy, who was waving his hands with pretty emphasis, saying, "*Vede,*

mamma, ma vede, mamma!" but finally, as she found this of no avail, she followed her countryman's example, and stowed her face safely away behind the pages of a book. It was a very dull book, one of those few French novels that are recommended for the special reading of young unmarried ladies. There was a great deal about *monsieur le curé*, much concerning a lovely young girl who ultimately became a nun, whilst another dwelt *en province* with an aged uncle who lived a miser and died a millionaire; and last, not least, there was the narrative of a young officer who died murmuring "*Ma mère!*"

Once, bored by the extreme dullness of these stories, and forgetful that her book was doing double duty, as book and as screen, Fanny laid it for a moment on her knee.

"You like reading French, mademoiselle?" asked her neighbor in his own language.

Miss Ward bowed coldly.

"*Permettez!* Shall I shut the windows for you? The dust is very great."

"No, thank you," replied Fanny, seeking refuge once more in literature. As she did so, she fancied that she caught the glance of a pair of fierce eyes flashing from under their bushy eyebrows as they peered over the paper cover of *Temple Bar*. It was only the flash of a moment; it might have been her own foolish fancy to suppose that the glance was directed towards her, and yet her fellow-countryman's presence comforted and reassured her, she scarcely knew why. She was possessed by a miserable feeling that even her French novel did not sufficiently shield her face; she was conscious also of a desire to squeeze herself into the smallest possible space; there seemed to be no room for her feet, which found themselves perpetually (however much she tried to stow them away) in the close vicinity of her opposite neighbor's pedal extremities.

As a reaction from her growing dislike to him, she felt herself disposed to be affectionate to the rest of her fellow-travellers, and, almost unconsciously, edged a little nearer to the stout Milanese gentleman, who was now, however, more regardless than ever of the family conversation, and was peacefully plunged in quiet slumber. It was a great relief to Fanny when the train reached Padua, and every one got out. The Milanese gentleman woke, stretched and shook himself, and gave her his fat hand to help her down, as she jumped lightly out of the

carriage. She was very thirsty, and was about to follow the other travellers in the direction of the refreshment-room, when she found to her dismay that the Frenchman was in full pursuit.

"Will you allow me to conduct you?" he asked, unpleasantly smiling, and fixing his eyes with cool pertinacity upon her face. "I am sure you are hungry, *mademoiselle*, and it is not amusing for you to be alone; pray let me escort you."

"No, thank you, *monsieur*," replied Fanny with much decision, and, almost trembling from suppressed rage, she veered suddenly round, and retraced her steps, walking with a firm, determined aspect up and down the platform in front of the now empty carriages.

She paced backwards and forwards in this way for nearly ten minutes, and her anger was beginning to cool down into sullen resentment; she was standing close to the door of her own compartment, uncertain whether to get in or not, when the Englishman who was her fellow-traveller approached her.

"I have brought you some cake and a bottle of wine and water," he said simply; "you can pay me back if you like; it is only a franc."

Fanny, startled, looked curiously at him. He was standing before her, quietly holding out two paper parcels.

"Thank you," she stammered, with grateful but shy acceptance. "I am very thirsty!"

She opened her purse, and, as she gave a dirty paper franc into her new friend's hand, she was struck by the delicacy of the suggestion which, for her sake, had removed from his little kindness the sense of obligation that must otherwise have burthened it.

"You are very kind," she murmured, reddening as she spoke.

"You had better take my seat," he said curtly, as though he had no wish to prolong the conversation; then, getting into the carriage himself, he stretched out a gaunt, white hand to help Fanny, and removed himself and his possessions to the place that had formerly been hers. Fanny sat down obediently where he had sat before; the Englishman resumed his magazine, and the two remained in absolute silence awaiting the return of the other travellers. Meanwhile, however, the girl could not help glancing from time to time towards her companion. She had as yet found no opportunity of studying his appearance; now, she saw that he was not a very young man. He might be

forty, he might be fifty, he might, yes, he might assuredly be fifty-five, or thereabouts. Such men, of hardy, northern type, are very deceptive in their looks, thought Fanny. His hair was curly and slightly grizzled; his face was long, somewhat narrow, and perfectly clean-shaven. He had keen eyes, bushy, dark eyebrows, a good straight nose, a long upper lip and a thin mouth; above all, a quiet, canny expression that gave an air of inward and unobtrusive, yet peculiar, meaning to the whole of his countenance. He was tall, with long, straggling limbs; he was very plainly clad in a somewhat shabby suit of homespun, and there was about him no vestige of jewellery or ornament of any kind.

As for Fanny, had her new friend but studied her appearance instead of the printed pages that so entirely absorbed his attention, he would have seen before him a pleasant, pale face, clearly-cut, delicate features distinguished by a thoughtful yet somewhat monotonous expression, brown eyes, brown hair that was crowned with a black straw hat, a long, slender throat, encircled by a black velvet ribbon from which hung a very ugly silver lock-et. He would also have seen a staid and what is sometimes called a "tidy" figure, that is to say a figure neither fat nor thin, tall nor short, clad in sober black silk, that was draped in accordance with the prevailing fashion, and yet by no means ultra-fashionably. Fanny Ward was not exactly graceful, but she had a trim air of neatness that was pleasing to the eye; every detail of her person and her dress bore evidence to the precision and quiet self-possession of her character. She was thirty; she had sighed a little over her last birthday; nobody quite likes to be thirty. We are all glad to slip pleasantly out of our teens, life widens and glorifies itself for us, as we do so; but who cares to leave the twenties? Thirty seems perilously on the road to forty, on the highway towards middle age; where is the woman of thirty who does not begin to be uncomfortably conscious that the years which used to bear her slowly along in youth are quickening into a jog-trot now?

Yet, though Fanny had wept a few secret tears over her thirty years, she should have found comfort in the fact that she had but little altered in looks during her last decade. To ordinary observers she was as yet a slender girl, and — though perhaps she did not know it — in the eyes of many, her fellow-traveller included, she

seemed a mere child. Nor, had her vanity been of a nature to be easily gratified, could she have failed to appreciate the evident admiration expressed by the Frenchman's looks.

When the train was about to start, the Milanese family re-entered the carriage; the Frenchman followed, but when he saw the change that had taken place, he grew first white, then crimson with anger.

He glanced ironically at Fanny, then wrathfully at the Englishman, opposite whom he was fain to seat himself.

"Pardon, monsieur," he began, "*mais* you have mistaken your place."

"Pardon, monsieur," replied the Englishman, raising his hat, and, without further explanation, quietly resuming his reading.

There was nothing more to be said; only the polite Milanese gazed somewhat surprisedly at each other.

The whole party remained in silence until, as the train began slowly to move on, the Italian officer ran up, jumped into the carriage, slammed the door, and at once began an eager discourse with his countryman, that filled up with echoing words and laughter the sullen quiet of the place.

After this, nothing occurred worthy of mention; hours passed by, and Fanny grew dull and sleepy. No one stared at her now; no one spoke to her even; but, though she was relieved from advances that had been disagreeable to her, she suffered from an overpowering sense of loneliness that positively angered her against herself.

Often there was a long pause at a station; every one got out, chatted and sauntered about; every one except Fanny, who sat silent and morose in her corner. Then, after what seemed an interminable waste of time, the travellers came back, the guard shouted, "*Partenza!*" or, as it seemed to Fanny's distorted imagination, "*Pazienza!*" and the calm progress of the journey recommenced.

It was a matter of necessity to wait a long time at Milan, and nearly two hours at Turin, and Miss Ward was fain to occupy the second interval by a solitary dinner, followed by a lengthy meditation on life and other depressing items. But she cheered up as the hour of departure drew near; the evening air was soft and balmy, even within the station, and she could not forbear to smile when, having resumed her place in the train as it was about to start, she found that the English-

man and herself were the only occupants of the compartment.

Fanny was by no means a talkative person, but she had fasted from conversation during the whole day, a hard trial for any woman, and she was, besides, agreeably impressed by the reappearance of the Englishman. He had bowed courteously as he entered, and deserved some gracious remark from her, surely, as a slight testimony of approval and goodwill.

"We have a long journey still before us," she remarked.

"Very," replied her companion laconically. He had evidently employed the time at Turin in purchasing a new and soft travelling-cap, and he was much occupied with it, and apparently greatly pleased, for he put it on and took it off, and patted it into shape every five minutes with the interest of a child who has a new toy. As he did so, Fanny's feminine eyes discovered that his dark grizzled hair was thin on the top of his head, and that he was slightly bald. But, as she watched him, the girl felt a sense of pleasure and confidence in her countryman's companionship; his face, though not handsome, was decidedly attractive: here was a heaven-sent protector for her, a friend whose friendship might be counted on during the journey; at any rate an interesting subject for analysis. But the interesting subject himself did not seem disposed for conversation.

"You know this route well?" asked Fanny.

"Very well. It is the easiest gate into Italy, but also the ugliest."

"I have never seen any other."

"Indeed."

"I think the mountains beautiful," said Fanny, who was now gazing at the purple range of lovely Alps that rose beyond the plains.

"Yes, of course."

The more her companion withdrew from conversation, the more Fanny, woman-like, resolved to drag him into it.

"You are going to London?" she asked, in a tone of mild interest.

"Yes," he replied, slightly arching his eyebrows. Surely she knew this before. Then he smiled. "You are also bound for London?" he said.

"I have been staying with friends at Venice: now I am going back to my mother in London."

"Ah, indeed!"

There was again a pause.

"How slow the Italian trains are!"

exclaimed Fanny. The desperate slowness of the conversation possibly led to this remark.

"They are slow," replied her companion; "but by-and-by, when we get into France, we shall wake up. You know the French are quick in most things."

He smiled meaningly as he spoke, and she reddened.

"Have you ever been in Scotland?" he asked, after another pause.

"Never."

"Extremes meet. The Scotch and Italian trains are both laggards. Why, here we are stopping again! I remember once travelling in Scotland with a small boy who was diligently and laboriously writing down on paper the name of every station in a large mercantile round-hand. We stopped at so many stations that his time was fully employed; he had scarce finished the last upstroke of one unpronounceable village before we came to another."

"You are not Scotch yourself?"

"No; I am Northumberland. And you, may I ask?"

"I am a Londoner—a cockney," answered Fanny. "Born within sound of Bow Bells."

"You must appreciate Venice all the more."

"As a playground; yes, indeed. Don't you think it is well to spend our holidays in pleasant places?"

"Certainly."

"Northumberland may have its poetical side, but the Brompton Road will not bear comparison with the Piazza."

"Scarcely; but even a Northumbrian may live in London, and fate has decreed that I should spend but a short time in the year on my native moors."

"You like London?"

"No, I don't."

"You prefer Northumberland?"

"Yes, I do."

"I thought that men lived—did what they pleased."

"That is a woman's fallacy, surely."

"But you have come to Venice because it pleases you?"

"And you?"

"Nay, rather because I was invited."

"Ah, well, I invited myself."

"That is one of men's privileges, is it not, to go about alone?"

"To go about alone," repeated he meditatively.

"Of course I am alone now," said Fanny, half angrily. "I suppose you choose to go about alone?"

"Then you don't choose?"

"Of course not."

Here was an opportunity for a flattering speech, but Fanny's new friend did not make use of it.

On the contrary, he was gazing at her, abstractedly and silently. Women see without looking, seeing perhaps most distinctly when their eyes are fixed on some opposite spot, or when they are themselves apparently engaged in an absorbing pursuit; but man, as a rule, if he wants to see anything, is obliged to turn his eyes in the direction of the object to be seen. So it was with Fanny's fellow-traveller.

"I suppose you are poor," he said at last.

"Yes, I am poor," she replied, flushing.

"It is not always an advantage to be rich," said he calmly. "If you were rich, you would be obliged to go about with a maid and a courier. You could not move two yards alone if you were unmarried. I imagine that you are unmarried?"

"Yes," replied Fanny, laughing; "and you?"

"I am a widower."

"Oh, dear; how lonely!"

"Not altogether lonely; my wife has left me a—a—my baby is very charming. Are you fond of children?"

"No—that is to say, not very," answered Fanny, startled. "Are you?"

"I am never quite certain."

"Poor fellow!" thought Fanny pityingly. "He has evidently not been married long."

Meanwhile the north-countryman was thinking,—

"She has a pretty profile, decidedly. There is a great charm of repose about that pale, calm face; a chilly, sphinx-like expression is an absolute attraction in woman."

With such thoughts on either side, conversation was not likely to languish. The two occupants of the railway carriage talked without ceasing, talked as the night advanced, and the train sped on its way towards the heart of the great dark mountains that stand like watch-towers between France and Italy. Fanny's simple history was soon told. She lived alone with her mother; they had known better days; their lives were dull and gray and uneventful. This was Fanny's first trip abroad; she had gone out with her uncle and aunt, but must needs return alone, as her mother wanted her. She had no brothers or sisters, and but few friends; her relations, the Goodchilds, had

always been very kind to her. She had once thought of becoming a governess, but had given up the idea; she had no taste for teaching, and, besides, she preferred a life of independence. Yes, her love of independence came possibly from her father, and yet she had never known him; he had lived much in India; he died when she was quite a child; he was an officer in the army.

It must not be supposed that Fanny volunteered all this information at once; little by little, her companion gleaned from her these details of her life. It was only when they had been conversing for some time that it struck her suddenly how much he already knew of her personal history, and how little she had learned of his. Each casual remark that fell from his lips seemed to necessitate an answer from Fanny that involved some explanation, however slight, of herself and her home surroundings, and she grew almost angry at last, when she realized that these slight explanations had absolutely led to much confidence on her part.

In spite of her natural reticence of character, her fellow-traveller had by this time, so to speak, turned her mind inside out like a glove, though with regard to himself, he had as yet imparted nothing but the bare fact that he was a native of Northumberland who lived in London, a widower, and the happy possessor of a baby.

Fanny, therefore, with much inward discontent, determined to turn the tables on him, but this was by no means so easy as she expected.

Meanwhile, he had reverted to the subject of Venice.

"You liked Venice, then?" he was asking, in his somewhat slow and unaccentuated voice.

"Oh, of course."

"As much as you anticipated, yet not more, I think you said. You are not an enthusiastic person?"

"Not very," replied Fanny coldly. "But you—how do you like Venice?"

"The most beautiful places require a certain amount of enthusiasm, if we wish thoroughly to enjoy them."

"Like the sunset that gilds and beautifies even ugly places."

"You are quite poetical! I begin to think you must possess some latent enthusiasm, after all."

"Oh no, indeed."

"Perhaps that Venice has laid her spell upon you."

"I can assure you I am not at all the

sort of person"—began Fanny with some warmth, then recollecting herself: "I want to hear your views about Venice," she said.

"Oh, my views are everybody's views. And I have been there so often, I quite forget my early impressions."

"You have travelled a great deal?"

"I can scarcely say so; I have never been to Japan, nor yet to America. Did you do much sight-seeing at Venice?"

"We used to go to two churches every day, and of course often to the picture-gallery."

"You like Bonifacio?"

"I—I——"

"Pray do not mind saying you don't. Nor yet Bellini?"

"You will think me a savage."

"Oh dear, no; such tastes are like the taste for caviare or olives, I think, and have to be cultivated."

"I am not sure," said Fanny, reddening a little, "that I do not prefer the buildings to anything else, though of course I cannot pretend to understand architecture. But what pictures do you prefer?"

"I think you are quite right to be fond of architecture," replied her companion emphatically; "not that I go so far as some people. Once, when I was at Venice with my son, he kept me a whole hour in St. Mark's, analyzing the capital of one of the columns according to the tenets of Ruskin, of whom he is an ardent disciple. But perhaps you are also a Ruskinite?"

"I—I think"—murmured Fanny indistinctly. *Your son*, she was saying to herself; your son!

"Ah, I see you are not. Well, I agree with you; I think you are quite right to have your own ideas. It is a frightful nuisance to be obliged to study every detail, with the help of a little red book, instead of being allowed to grasp the whole, as it were, and enjoy the general effect. But here we are quite among the mountains. Are you fond of mountains?"

He asked the question unconcernedly, much as he might have asked: are you fond of biscuits?

Fanny stared at him; she felt herself out-heroded. Here was indeed a person devoid of enthusiasm! Accustomed as she had been of late to her uncle's admiring though ignorant remarks, and Mrs. Goodchild's ardent and romantic appreciation of everything that she thought it right to appreciate, the quiet unconcern of this stolid Briton for the beauties of

art and nature struck Fanny in a strange and almost ludicrous light. This perhaps arose not so much from a love of humor as from the absence of it, for the habit of living with simple, transparent natures had resulted in a settled conviction of her own depth of thought and calm self-control, together with a curious want of perception of those qualities in others. And yet it was evident that, however dexterously she might have rough-riden over the idiosyncracies of her relations, she could not in the least manage this reticent north-countryman. She determined, however, to make another effort.

"Do *you* like mountains?" she asked with a little lazy smile.

"I guessed you had a trace of northern blood in your veins," he answered, with a curious twinkle in his quick eyes, "and now I am certain of it, for you answer my question with another! Well, I will acknowledge that I have a particular dislike of mountains. They stifle and choke me; I feel inclined to beat my head helplessly against them; they are like the high walls of a narrow room. I love to see the horizon; long, level lines with plenty of sky and landscape."

"But in Northumberland —"

"In Northumberland there are no mountains, only hills, undulating, low hills; they are quite different. But I can well understand fellows climbing up the Swiss mountains."

"You *can*?"

"Yes, to get rid of them; to see beyond them once more, and breathe again. But perhaps it would scarcely be worth while to live in Switzerland merely to get rid of the mountains. Ah! here is another tunnel! Do you like tunnels?"

"No," answered Fanny, laughing; "does any one?"

"Engineers do, I suppose," answered her companion, with which mild joke he pulled his cap down over his shaggy brows, and looked as if he meant to go to sleep. After a few minutes' silence, he appeared to be wrapped in slumber; Fanny therefore crossed her arms and closed her eyes. But her companion was more watchful than she had thought.

"Can I — can I do anything to make you comfortable?" he asked politely. "May I give you my bundle of wraps? You could sleep comfortably with your head upon it."

Suiting the action to the words, he pulled down the bundle, and began to arrange as pleasant a couch as possible under the circumstances.

"Only it is scarcely worth while to sleep," he added, "for we shall soon be at Modane; that is the custom-house, you know."

"But really, but really," Fanny had said, "pray do not trouble — I can assure you I don't need all this."

She was quite perturbed; was she not accustomed to arrange everything for her mother, to keep her uncle and aunt under her mild despotic sway? She was not used to be taken care of; nay, she had a firm and unalterable conviction that it was undignified, almost unwomanly. She did not wish to be fussed over; it made her feel like a child. I fear that Fanny, in her innermost heart, treasured an underlying and strong theory of woman's rights!

It did not much signify, after all; her companion made no answer to her objections. In silence he continued to arrange the wraps and cushions of the carriage, then when he had finished, he returned to his own place.

"You need not lie down unless you like," he said coolly. But Fanny, who was very tired, swallowed her pride, murmured a faint "thank you," and so lay down among the wraps and cushions after all.

According to her companion's prediction, however, she had hardly time to grow drowsy before the train reached Modane, and, with much banging of doors and severe adjurations in mingled French and Italian from sleepy and ill-tempered officials, the weary travellers were turned out, bag, baggage, and all, on to the dark and comfortless platform, where they stood in lengthy file, trying to obey instructions and make their way through the door of the room where the luggage was to be examined.

"Keep close to me, there is rather a crowd here," said Fanny's fellow-traveller. He had helped her out of the carriage, and throwing the rugs over his shoulder, and taking up a mountain of books and bags in his strong arms, he strode on in front of her, apparently thoroughly determined to make her understand that he looked upon her as a "weaker vessel."

It was of no use resenting it, after all; there was a crowd, and, amongst other people, this big, wiry Northumbrian towered like one of the sons of Anak, elbowing an easy way for himself and his companion.

"Now you shall go in there," he said, as they entered the building, and he pointed to the refreshment-room; "this official will chalk your hand-bag; you can

sit down quietly. Give me your keys, and wait for me."

The official in question did not hesitate a moment to obey the behest that was conveyed to him in very tolerable Italian, but Fanny hesitated much. To give her keys to this stranger, a man who ordered her about as though she had been a slave, a very puppet!

"Thank you," she said, "but I am quite accustomed to the *douane*; I managed everything for my uncle and aunt when —"

"Give me your keys," repeated her fellow-traveller impatiently. "My dear lady, I want to get in before all these people. What is the name on your box?"

He held out his hand as he spoke; Fanny, all aghast at his behavior, hurriedly dropped her little bunch of keys into his broad palm. She gazed up at his face; perhaps she gathered confidence as she looked, for, to all appearances, he was evidently a gentleman.

"My name is Fanny Ward — Miss Fanny Ward," she murmured; "a big black box, and a small portmanteau."

"All right," replied her tyrant, whose thin mouth smiled a little. "My name is Heriot, Walter Heriot, at your service."

He slightly lifted his cap as he spoke; perhaps he had divined her momentary distrust of him, for his face wore a curious expression.

When he had left her, Fanny stood still, considering the facts of the case. Certainly, since he was kind and helpful, and above all so courteous in demeanor, she need not hesitate to accept the services of this errant knight; certainly, it was far pleasanter to travel in company, and with every scrap of trouble taken off her hands, than to struggle alone through a long and disagreeable journey. Dignity and self-reliance are all very well, thought Fanny, as she leaned sleepily against the wall, but of course a man, that is to say a gentleman, is a very useful companion.

The useful companion returned as she came to this satisfactory conclusion. He held out the keys, and, in answer to her mute inquiry, —

"Nothing was opened," he said laconically, whereupon he rose yet another peg in the girl's estimation; and, when they returned to the railway carriage, she allowed him to arrange the rugs for her without the slightest objection on her part, and curling herself up with a comfortable sense of security in his protection she quickly fell asleep.

It seemed to her that she had slept but

a few moments when Heriot's voice aroused her.

"You had better come and have something to eat," he was saying; "we are at Culoz."

With the help of his arm she stumbled out of the carriage. She had been dreaming confusedly; she had fancied herself walking in the Piazza at Venice with the Goodchilds; a gondola approached; Heriot was the gondolier. He insisted on her following him; she refused; the Goodchilds looked amazed. "I will not, I will not," she had said, but a magic force drew her towards him. A crowd had gathered round, and then Mr. Goodchild pulled her back. "But I am the doge of Venice," Heriot had said, and there was an odd pause; silence fell upon the crowd. This was the moment when the train stopped and Heriot had really spoken.

Fanny, dazed by the gaslight and the memories of her dream, followed her guide to the refreshment-room, where he found her a chair, and gave her a basin of thin soup and a hunch of bread. Fanny ate meekly and silently; she was not quite sure whether she were awake or still in the land of dreams. Was Heriot indeed the doge of Venice? Looking about her for the sake of information, she saw that not only her companion, but numbers of other people, their heads curiously and wonderfully muffled in caps, shawls, and scarves, were busily engaged with basins of soup and hunches of bread laid out before them. Heriot himself was so occupied.

"Well?" he asked, turning his keen glance swiftly on her as she watched him.

"Oh, nothing, I" — she murmured, reddening a little. He looked amused, and raised his bushy eyebrows, or rather one of them, for every feature of his face had a queer trick of moving by itself, with utter disregard for any other feature.

"You had better have some veal," said Heriot with sudden decision, and thereupon imperatively whistled to the waiter, who forthwith ran towards him, abandoning a large and cross-looking English family, who vainly remonstrated and angrily called out that they were not properly attended to.

It was a small mercy doubtless, but Miss Ward was thankful that she was allowed to pay for her own food. Heriot made no objection to her doing so, merely returning to her what she had intended for the waiter, and adding a generous donation for this purpose himself. It seemed to her, though she could scarcely

put the thought into words, that Heriot did not wish her to feel under any special obligation to him; he was deferential, and his manner evidently indicated that he was in no way "treating" her; he was merely offering her a grave, chivalrous, and temporary politeness. This manner of his had a great charm for her; insensibly, she allowed her mind to lean restfully on his; it was a new sensation to her to be watched over and taken care of; perhaps it was not altogether repugnant to her feelings, after all.

"You are fond of analysis," said Heriot laconically, as he re-entered the carriage after her.

"What do you mean?" asked Fanny quickly.

"You are fond of self-analysis; I have noticed it ever since we started. But you were trying to dissect me just now."

"Was I? How can you tell?"

"I judge by appearances."

"Now *you* are analyzing *me*."

He shook his head.

"No; I am observant, that is all; observation and analysis are very different. You seek to disentangle thoughts and motives; I merely look for details that interest me. You mistrusted me a short time since; now you have grown more willing to submit to my interference; is it not so?"

Fanny smiled and blushed; she was angry with herself for blushing.

"You have thought a great deal about me; you have at last consented to let me have my way, but it has not been without much cogitation, much questioning. You have tormented yourself a dozen times by wondering whether you could trust me or no!"

He laughed outright after he said this, and Fanny could not but join in his mirth.

"And yet," she said reproachfully, "and yet you maintain that you have no love of analysis!"

"Certainly," he answered gravely. "I question nothing; I merely observe. Forgive me if I say that I know your character already pretty well, through the power of quick observation. It is a power that is very useful in hunting or shooting," he added meditatively.

"But about my character?" asked Fanny.

"Well," said Heriot reflectively, "I was amused, at the station at Venice, to see how completely you had got the upper hand of your uncle and aunt. But perhaps you will think me rude?"

"Oh, not at all."

"It was a firm, steady hand that held the reins. Your uncle is peppery, I should think?"

"Rather."

"And your aunt is — is — impulsive, perhaps, and easily disturbed by trifles?"

"She is."

"And you have a cool head. You are used to go about alone; I can see that."

"How can you see it?"

"By a score of little things. You have so few parcels or bags; everything is handy and convenient. You don't lose your ticket, you never let your gloves or pocket-handkerchiefs fall as people do who are used to being attended to; you jump in and out of the carriage with perfect facility, and, what is still more wonderful, you wait till the train stops without disturbing yourself."

"You are observant."

"I told you so."

"Pray go on."

"I am half afraid; you will be angry with me shortly."

"No, no; you may say what you like," cried Fanny, who had grown interested.

"I knew you were not — not exactly rich, by your dress; I do not mean that it is not pretty —" Here the speaker gave a little embarrassed cough.

"Well?"

"I can't go on; pardon me, for the life of me I can't go on."

"You shall, you *must* go on," cried Fanny. "Have I not told you I shall not be offended?"

"It needs no keen observation to see that you are curious, a true daughter of Eve," said Heriot, laughing. "Well, Miss Ward, I am not a milliner, so I cannot enter into details. Your dress pleases me, but it has a home-made appearance; your gloves have not as many buttons as some people's, and the lace on your sleeves is — is —"

"It is the commonest imitation," answered Fanny, looking him straight in the eyes.

Heriot held out his hand.

"Forgive me, if I should not have spoken; for every sign like this I have felt an additional grain of respect for you."

Fanny placed her hand quickly in his; hers was a small, shapely hand, marred as it was by an ill-made glove.

"I forgive you," she said proudly. "We women are not so vain of our clothes as you men think, and I, at least, have never been ashamed of my poverty."

But for all her brave words, there was a

burning sense at her heart of something, she knew not what; it was not humiliation, it was certainly not anger; it was emotion, however, and perhaps this cold nature was not altogether displeased to be so stirred.

"But my faults — my character," reiterated Fanny, after a pause.

"Your faults are not legion," answered Heriot quietly. "But see, the train has stopped again; every one is getting out. Will you take a turn? We can continue our conversation on the platform."

There was no moon, but it was a lovely starlight night; the air was no longer so cold as it had been at Culoz, because of the lesser altitude. Groups of dark, muffled figures were standing helplessly, yawning and blinking in the gaslight, or strolling about by twos or threes, looking like lost souls wandering in the halls of Eblis. A few travellers, whose appetites wore of the cormorant kind, had rushed into the buffet in search of the best fare they could find, and were vainly demanding hot coffee from the solitary sleepy waiter who had been left in charge.

It has often been remarked how rapidly acquaintance may ripen into intimacy during the close companionship of a long journey. Fanny realized this very strongly as she walked up and down the narrow platform beside her new friend, watching the stars, and listening to his speech, for he had become decidedly more loquacious of late. Here was a man who, seventeen or eighteen hours before, had been to her a perfect stranger — a man of whom she knew as yet nothing, in fact, and yet in whom she felt a degree of interest and confidence that was utterly unusual to her. Here, in the dark, she could talk to him as she had never talked to any one before. The whole arrangement seemed perfectly simple and natural, much in the same way that in the land of dreams we find ourselves flying up and down stairs instead of walking, and yet we are not in the least astonished at our newly acquired talent.

"We agreed that you have no enthusiasm," Heriot was saying. "Well, you are certainly not æsthetic, or you would have had something to say in favor of Bellini or Titian. You are cold by nature, because you endured rather than received your aunt's kisses; and as for the advances of that love-lorn Frenchman —"

"Oh, Mr. Heriot!"

"You were perfectly right in all that you did. I should not have liked to kiss

your aunt myself, and I should have been delighted to pitch the Frenchman out of the window."

Fanny laughed. An elderly rheumatic pair, wrapped up in nightcaps and comforters, turned round to stare in amaze at such unnatural early-morning merriment.

"You are a very precise and tidy person," continued Heriot gravely; "because you put a paper mark in the leaves of your book, because your hand-bag has a brown holland cover, because —"

"Oh, pray go on to something else."

"You are extremely proud, because, unless I had allowed you without demur to pay for your own supper, you would never have spoken to me again. You have also a cautious mind, because, when I asked you for your keys, you half expected me to be a robber in disguise. You are not indolent, for you scarcely cared to use my bundle of wraps; nay, you are almost inclined to fancy yourself a strong-minded woman. I should say that your besetting sin is pride. Pray forgive the comparison; you are a second Lucifer."

"You are too flattering!"

"I mean to be flattering, though you will scarcely give me credit for good intentions. But, according to my taste, a woman cannot be too proud or cold; that is exactly what I want," added Heriot meditatively.

"I beg your pardon?" asked Fanny with freezing intonation.

"I meant what I wish, what I seek for," answered her companion confusedly; "what I should like every woman to be!"

There was a dead silence.

"You are not proud yourself, Mr. Heriot?" asked Fanny at last. She spoke slowly and gravely.

"I — I think not; that is to say, not very."

"You are not fond of mental analysis?"

"I am fond of close observation," he answered quickly.

"And you are *always* charitable in your opinion of others?"

"I hope so."

There was another pause, and then —

"I think we will go back to the carriage," said Miss Ward, with haughty composure.

"I believe the train is about to start again; pray let me help you in," replied Heriot, with studied politeness. And they took their seats at opposite ends of the carriage.

It was an hour after sunrise when

Fanny awoke from a long sleep. The sky was flecked with rosy clouds; warm sunshine was streaming in through the windows. The train was rushing through the rich but uninteresting lands of Burgundy; on one side were gentle slopes and vineyards, stiffly planted and devoid of the luxuriance and picturesqueness of the vine-wreaths of Italy; on the other side were long, narrow fields, a stagnant canal, and a double row of tall, thin poplar-trees. Fanny gazed at her companion; he was ensconced in his corner, as far from her as possible, fast asleep, his gaunt, white hands locked together, his head slightly bent. Fortunately, he was not snoring. The shaggy brows cast so strong a shade over his eyes that it was only just possible to see the outline of the shut lids; it was a fine, manly face certainly, thought Fanny, as she looked. Then, woman-like, she drew from her bag a comb and a tiny mirror, and began to smooth her hair and pin it up as neatly as she could. She wore no fringe, no fluffs of hair about her forehead and ears; her shining locks were neatly stroked and plaited away after the fashion of former years, which may have helped to give the small head its precise and somewhat puritanical air. Having come to an end of her occupation, Fanny sat silently for a while, and read, but the book seemed duller than ever, and her thoughts wandered.

She closed the volume, and sat dreaming, looking out at the lovely sky, which presently grew bluer and deeper, as the pale tints of sunrise faded from it. Her dreams caused her to sigh, and finally to unfasten the black velvet ribbon at her throat, and hold the silver locket in her hands, whilst she opened it, and gazed at the photograph that lay enshrined within. This was the portrait of a young man who had been the hero of Fanny's girlish affections. It was a pleasant, frank face, with wide, earnest eyes, and the faintest suspicion of a moustache, a bright smile that even the photographer's art could not altogether obliterate or distort, and a soldierlike aspect that suited well the uniform that graced the broad shoulders. Miss Ward slipped the locket off its velvet string, and held up the photograph in the keen morning light. Ten years ago she had been engaged to young Fred Danvers; she liked him well; he loved her dearly. He was as impetuous as she was self-contained, as gay and joyous as she was calmly, quietly serene. The two suited one another, and vowed eternal

love, but their happiness was of short duration, for three days after the betrothal — three short, blissful, never-to-be-forgotten days of endearing courtship — Danvers left for Aldershot, and the next morning he was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot. The news was a severe shock to Fanny; in spite of her quiet nature, she had learnt to love deeply, at any rate she had given the utmost of whatever love and tenderness her heart contained. She had been coldly and philosophically brought up, and she had not long been aware that she had any heart at all to give. Possibly, after this her first and only great sorrow, her heart grew more and more reserved, shutting out from itself all soft sensations and emotions, and planning, as time went on and years rolled by, a daily and stern regimen of duty and dull work to do, that filled the days and left no empty gaps that might become snares for sentimental idleness. During all these years, and despite an offer of marriage from a hard-working London curate, the image of Danvers reigned absolute in the kingdom of Fanny's mind. She wore that image on her neck, she cherished it within her memory; nay, she cherished it bravely, though it had sometimes threatened of late to grow faint and pale, like a faded rose that has been pressed in a book, or indeed like most of the fond recollections of early love that true-hearted old maids treasure until death. Now, as Fanny gazed at the photograph, she confessed to herself (with that persistent partiality for self-analysis to which Heriot had somewhat rudely alluded) that it needed that she should look from time to time lest she should forget the face, the glance of the eyes, or haply the fashion of the hair. She acknowledged this to herself, and sighed, and it was with a look that evidenced as much dissatisfaction for the present as regret for the past that she pressed her lips to the cold glass that lay above the photograph.

Heriot woke with a start.

"By Jove, it is broad daylight," he exclaimed, rising and shaking himself like a big dog that has been napping on the rug. Fanny also started, suddenly disturbed by the unexpected sound of his voice, and the silver locket slipped from her hands, and rolled away under the seat.

"Oh dear, I have dropped something!" she cried confusedly.

"What is it?" asked Heriot eagerly. "I will find it for you."

"It is my locket, but let me — oh no, no."

She made an effort to search for herself, but the Northumbrian was already on all fours, his stalwart, outstretched form covering nearly the whole of the floor. Meanwhile, the train was going at full speed, and the carriage shook and rocked from side to side. Fanny was obliged to resume her seat.

"Here it is, I have got it," said Heriot at last in a choked voice. He had swallowed a good deal of dust, and his face was crimson as he raised himself slowly to his knees, and held out the luckless locket in the palm of his hand, a hand that could not now, by the utmost stretch of politeness, be termed white or clean. Of course the locket was open, and of course Heriot's eyes rested for a moment on the face therein portrayed, but it was for a moment only. With his customary delicacy of feeling, he turned aside as he handed the trinket to its owner, pretending not to see the confusion which overpowered her, nor the hot blush that overspread her countenance and made it as crimson as his own.

He laughed, and began to rub and shake the dust off his clothes; he would have said nothing, but Fanny spoke.

"Oh, I should have been so sorry to lose my locket," she cried, with foolish warmth.

"I am glad I found it," he returned simply. He sat down once more and took up his book.

But Fanny, whose shyness had suddenly lifted her out of her normal state of placidity, rushed upon her fate.

"You would," she stammered, her face on fire — "you would be surprised to see a man's face in my locket."

"Not at all," replied Heriot, somewhat astonished at her vehemence. "It is very natural; your brother's, perhaps."

"I have no brother."

"No, I forgot; you told me before that you were an only child."

Tears gathered in Fanny's eyes as she held out the locket.

"He was engaged to be married to me ten years ago, but he was killed," she said softly.

Heriot took the portrait in his hand once more.

"It is a brave, honest face," he said gently, as he returned it to her.

And after this, though they were silent for some time, they were both conscious of a new sympathy that had sprung up between them.

Altogether, the journey was passing much more quickly and pleasantly than Fanny could have believed possible, nor was she as tired as she had expected to be. There are so many pauses and breaks in foreign travelling, so many buffets, so many *dix minutes d'arrêt*, that the weary wayfarer may stretch his cramped limbs and quiet his jostled brain twenty times a day. And if, added to this, there is agreeable companionship, the "run" through Italy and France becomes a very bearable thing indeed. Heriot was decidedly an agreeable companion, for, though he evidently objected to allow any glimpse into his own private history, he offered much information with regard to the country through which the train was speeding. It was a road he knew well; besides, he appeared to be a man of much general information. To listen to him, one would suppose him to be now a grower of vines, now the stoker of an engine, to have spent the best part of his life in the neighborhood of Paris, or to have personally superintended the first designs for the Mont Cenis tunnel. Fanny was the most unenlightened of her sex on matters considered as general information; there was, however, between the two a bond, that of speaker and listener. Unaccustomed as she was to the society of men, her mind fatigued by her mother's platitudes, or her Aunt Goodchild's fussy prattle, Heriot's dry but trenchant conversation was to Fanny a new and keen pleasure.

At Mâcon, two old ladies and a young girl entered the carriage, but this was scarcely a bar to Fanny's enjoyment, for Heriot came and sat in the vacant place immediately opposite to her. From time to time they continued their talk. The new-comers seemed burdened with baskets, bouquets of flowers, and other items, to which they clung with tenacity, and which, together with the importance of the journey, fairly silenced the good, provincial dames. They evinced much interest in their dusty and more experienced fellow-travellers, however, and Fanny, much to her amusement, overheard one old lady murmur at last, —

"*Dieu! que c'est drôle, l'anglais!*" upon which the other responded with a heavy sigh, —

"*Ah, mais oui, mais oui.*"

At Paris it was necessary to drive from one station to another.

"You must be very tired," said Heriot pityingly, as for the last time he helped Fanny to alight from the grimy Turin

carriage; "you are a brave traveller," he added.

"I am not tired," replied Fanny. She was not fond of admitting herself to be tired. "But I am sorry not to see anything of Paris; I have never been here before."

"Never been at Paris!" exclaimed Heriot. While he spoke his mind was bent on luggage, so he did not pursue the topic until they were fairly out of the station, on their way to the *embarcadère du nord*. Then he repeated meditatively, "Never been at Paris, and yet you must go on!"

It was evening, but not yet dark. Fanny, who was dazed and giddy from the long journey, was yet pleasurably excited by the sight of the *boulevards*, the people sauntering about, or sitting at little round tables in front of the *cafés*. The tempting shops, the bustle and brightness of the gay city, charmed her immediately; the appearance of cheerful activity that distinguishes everybody and everything therein is essentially different from the serious business aspect of London and Londoners, or the lazy dreaminess of an Italian town; it is Paris, in fact.

"Of course I cannot stay," said Fanny with a regretful sigh. "There are so many things one would like to do!"

"Are there?" asked Heriot; "I always think there are so few things one would care to do!"

"You know Paris well?" asked Fanny.

"Yes, very well; I have often been over for a few weeks. And at one time two of my little girls were at school here."

"You have a large family?"

"I have been married twice," answered Heriot, turning his quick eyes on Fanny's inquiring face with a sudden flash that made her for a moment feel as poor Mrs. Bluebeard may have felt in the early days of her married life.

"I am afraid it is going to rain," said Heriot after a moment's pause.

They had a crowded compartment from Paris to Calais; meanwhile, the weather grew more and more threatening, and by the time they reached the boat, Heriot's prediction was fully realized. A squall had sprung up, the wind blew fiercely, and the rain came down in torrents; the unutterable and multitudinous horrors of a Channel passage lay before them. All the deck cabins were engaged, and Fanny, to whom impending sea-sickness imparted a sort of reckless obstinacy, positively declined to go down into the ladies' cabin.

"You will be drowned up here," said Heriot impatiently, "and, what is much worse, you will catch a bad cold."

But, presently, he found her a fairly comfortable seat in the lee of the deck cabins, where, armed with an umbrella and a large tarpaulin procured from one of the sailors, Fanny sat solitary, and with inward quaking, awaiting her fate. It came soon enough; the vessel steamed slowly out of the harbor, then gave a violent leap forward, a lurch to one side, then to the other, and finally settled herself into a methodical rocking motion.

Then Fanny came to the immediate conclusion that no travelling abroad, however delightful, could possibly compensate for this present misery.

But it was not so dreadful, after all; in course of time Miss Ward overcame her fears, and, feeling perfectly well, amused herself by watching the little streams of water that trickled down with a dripping noise from the corners of her umbrella on to the tarpaulin, where they joined larger streams and lakes, and meandered slowly towards the wet deck.

"You look damp," said Heriot with scathing satire. He had come to inquire after her welfare, and almost expected to find her prostrate in agonies of sea-sickness.

"You must not judge by outward appearances," replied Fanny from the depths of the tarpaulin. "But I forget, you are fond of mere observation."

"By mere observation," growled Heriot, "I should say that of all wet things on this horrid wet boat you are decidedly the wettest!" and with this remark, he turned on his heel and left her.

"A wet (waterproof) sheet and a flowing sea," called out Fanny, laughing. But the roaring of the wind and the size of the tarpaulin muffled this repartee, which was lost to the world.

It was early morning when the travellers neared London. Heriot had lapsed into absolute silence; he had gazed steadily out of the window ever since leaving Dover, staring at the green fields and hedges that looked grey in the twilight of dawn, and the cosy English homesteads that lay hidden away in misty shadows. Over Fanny, ever since she had set foot on her native soil, had crept a terrible fit of shyness; it seemed to her odd to be on terms of friendship with this stranger now that she was so near home, and that not only the other occupants of the carriage, but the very porters and railway guards spoke English, whereas, in foreign lands,

the fact of his being her own countryman had comforted her, and drawn her towards him, and the two had lived in an English-speaking oasis of their own. She was also nervously cogitating how she should thank Heriot for his unceasing care and solicitude; but for him, the journey must have been very different, surely.

"If I say all that I feel it will be too much," thought poor vacillating Fanny; "if I say I have enjoyed the journey, that will sound silly and missish. Then again, if I say stiffly: I am much obliged for your kind trouble, he will think me cold and ungrateful."

The consequence was that she said nothing. Whilst she was yet suffering from an uneasy sense that home was more strange than absence, and that she scarcely desired to be at home, the train glided swiftly into Charing Cross Station. She cast a hurried and almost imploring glance towards Heriot, but his grave, impassive face was still turned from her. She might never see him again; she must surely speak one word of thanks; what an ungrateful fool she was! Suddenly Heriot veered round towards her.

"You wished to read the story I mentioned," he said, politely offering her his copy of *Temple Bar*. "May I lend it you? It is unfortunately a first number, 'to be continued in our next.' I hate an unfinished story myself. To read it is like meeting some one on a railway journey; you make friends, you are obliged to break off the thread. But perhaps you will allow me to — perhaps we may still continue —"

There was no time for the end of his carefully planned sentence, no time for any answer; they had arrived. The porters were running by the side of the train, the other people in the carriage were standing up, bustling about, and smiling to find themselves at home once more. To Fanny, it was all like a dream.

Suddenly about the carriage-door there thronged a party of boys and girls.

"Papa! papa!" they shouted, as they caught sight of Heriot, and two or three amongst them clambered on the step.

Heriot waved his hand.

"For heaven's sake let me get out," he said good-humoredly.

Then, as the door was opened, the children all began to talk at once.

"We thought we *must* come, papa; it was such fun! We got up by candle-light."

"Mullins came with us, but he has gone to see after your luggage."

"And there's lots of room for you in the carriage, because Flossy sat on my knee, and Ethel —"

"Little Jack wanted to come, but he wasn't let, and Tom wouldn't, he said it was so damned early —"

"Oh, George, you shouldn't!"

"Well, confounded, then; but it *was* damned; you know it was, Maud. Papa, may I ride on the box?"

"You shouldn't say *ride*."

"Oh, bother, *do* shut up!"

In the midst of this volley of unsophisticated remarks, Heriot and Fanny stood, the former half-pleased, half-vexed, the latter stunned and bewildered.

"Wait there, all of you," cried Heriot at last; "wait for me. I must go and put this lady into a cab."

"I really want to thank you," murmured Fanny feebly, as she hurried after his long, striding steps in the direction of her luggage.

"Nonsense, nonsense; if you say anything I shall be positively angry. I should have been horribly dull without you." Then, with an amused twinkle in his keen eyes, —

"It *was* a pity they didn't bring the nurse and the baby as well, wasn't it?"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DECADENCE OF FRENCHWOMEN.

THE old idea that principles ought to be as permanent in politics as in morals, has no place in the theory of government by the people which is now spreading about Europe. The new democracy pretends to work for progress alone, and evidently feels, at the bottom of its heart, that progress and principles are incompatible. Principles, in its eyes, present the inconvenience of not adapting themselves to circumstances; they are, by their essence, rigid and uncompromising; they have no elasticity, no opportunism. Yet, so long as they continue to nominally exist, they must be externally respected, and must be taken into account as guides and counsellors. Consequently, as they get into the way of Radicalism, it has been found useful to deprive them of their character of invariability, and even, in many cases, to totally suppress them. It is true that the democrats have not invented this notion of the non-durability of principles, — Pascal asserted, before their time, that "natural principles are nothing but habits;" but the more advanced poli-

ticians of the Continent have got a long way beyond that, and evidently feel that, in politics, principles have not even the value of habits. Like the Californian farmer who said, "No fellow can go on always believing the same thing; one wants a fresh religion from time to time," — so do the leaders of the new school assure us that political principles must change according to the wishes of the populace. They apply to the men of our generation (without knowing it, perhaps), the theory of La Bruyère, that "most women have no principles; they simply follow their hearts." They, too, follow their hearts, like women; they proclaim that the science of government should be independent of enthralling rules; that it should be purely tentative; that it should consist in experiment based on opportunity. In their eyes there is no longer any eternal truth at all. Policy, as they apply it, is an accident of the moment, an expedient of to-day, which was not yesterday, and may no longer be to-morrow. Its former constancy is gone; it is a passing condition; it is a fancy, not a principle. Monarchy, hereditary succession, religion, were in other days regarded as State principles. It is proposed to replace them now by popular will, universal suffrage, free thought, and, above all, empiricism, which are thus far mere ideas, or, at the utmost, facts; though they, too, according to Pascal's argument of habit, may assume the form and name of principles hereafter, if ever it should become the interest of a new despot to base a throne upon them. But they will never grow into principles of the ancient sort; for the old ones imitated the ways of nature and cherished uniformity of processes, because, like nature, they knew the resistless power of repetition: while the new ideas, on the contrary, are like the human nature from which they spring; they seek for newnesses and strangenesses, because they take them to be signs of freedom.

So the Radical world — especially in certain countries of the Continent — has given up principles in politics; and, as it has abandoned the old principles, so also has it forsaken the old forces. To a certain extent the adoption of new forces was a necessity; for, as some of the old ones were nothing more than principles at work, it is manifest that they could not be retained in use when once the principles on which they rested were destroyed. In France, indeed — which is the country we are going to talk about, and which

happens to be the land where the newest procedures of government are being essayed, — no force whatever seems now to be accepted as a permanent auxiliary. We see there that nearly all the forces formerly utilized by governments have already been excluded from national action; and though some new ones have been taken on trial, — to see, experimentally, what they will produce, — it would be premature to suppose that any of them will necessarily last. Loyalty to the sovereign was a force; it has been swept away. Religious teaching was a force; it is being suppressed. The so-called governing classes were a force; they have been replaced by the *nouvelles couches*. Society was a force; it has been kicked away. Women were a force; they have been thrust aside. These and other impulses, many of them knotted up with the history of France, many of them ancient mainsprings of the life of the nation, have been temporarily (perhaps, indeed, permanently) supplanted by fresh producers, especially by the great new agency — experiment.

Now it would be absurd to pretend that progress can always be realized without experiment; but it would be equally foolish to argue that no experiment is possible without entirely new forces. All knowledge, all philosophy, all science, have been built up on observation of, or on induction from pre-established facts; and no reason is conceivable why, in politics, old motors should not be utilized by new governments. Some, at all events, of the levers which have aided to raise France to greatness in one direction, could equally serve, under no matter what rule, to elevate her in another. But the present republic has, thus far, refused the assistance of any of the old forces. It sees adversaries in them all; it will have nothing to do, even experimentally, with any one of them: it labors, indeed, to uproot them integrally; or if it cannot eradicate them altogether, so to reduce and enfeeble them that they can no longer contribute, even indirectly or occultly, to national results. It has declared war against them all round, — against the extinct governing classes as against "the ancient parties," — against society as against clericalism. It makes no distinction; it treats all the former springs of action as foes to be vanquished.

It is, however, just to acknowledge at once that in this the republic has been acting, to a certain extent, in legitimate self-defence. Let us remember that the

present shape of government is not only accepted by the nation, but seems to be really desired by it; and that the time has passed for arguing that the republic is the result of accident, not of conviction, or for insisting that it has grown temporarily into existence solely for the want of something else to take its place. It may now be said with truth that France has ceased (for the moment, at least) to be monarchical, and that it sincerely wishes to keep the republic it has got. Consequently no honest observer can presume to deny that the republic is entitled to claim the allegiance of the entire population, from top to bottom, as thoroughly and as absolutely as any of the dynasties which preceded it, and to extinguish all who refuse that allegiance. But in the exercise of this right the republic should allow itself to be guided by circumstances, and that is precisely what it has not done. When it found, as it did find during its early struggles, that the old forces stood across its road, and tried, conjointly, to bar its way and upset it—when it observed that they all resisted it together, with equal aversion—it not unnaturally, in its inexperience as a beginner, viewed them all with the same spiteful eye, and regarded them as one great group of antagonists, to be vanquished collectively and indivisibly. But though this general impression was comprehensible a few years ago, when the embryonic republic was fighting for life, it has ceased to be excusable now. In the consolidated position which the republic has attained, and which entails duties as well as rights, it commits both an injustice and an error in continuing, as it does still, to rank all bygone resistances together in one indiscriminating hate; for though the old forces have been accustomed to work together, and to feel sympathy for each other, it is manifest that they were composed of two totally distinct classes of elements, which might probably be separated without any excessive difficulty. The purely monarchical components must, of course, continue to be fought against, and so far as they alone are concerned, the republic cannot be blamed for its animosity; but the intellectual, the religious, and the social constituents present another character. They are in no way necessarily anti-republican; they are of all times and of all systems; they are national; they are French; they are inherent in the race, or, at all events, in large sections of the race; and no one can seriously urge that they can never be

utilized in the future for the good of the republic, just as they have served in the past for the glory of the monarchy. Who can argue, for instance, that it is quite impossible to convert society to the republic? Who can assert that the gentlemen of France will never consent to serve the new system, or that their wives and daughters are so resolutely opposed to it that it is useless to attempt to win them to its flag? It would be folly to aver that the best of the women of France can never become republicans as sincerely as they were monarchists or imperialists. And yet the republic is so behaving towards them, that it is not only repelling them from itself, but—what is infinitely graver—is beginning to enfeeble their old-established national authority, to debilitate their action and their value in the land, and to lower the admirable position which they occupied before Europe. A distinctly marked commencement of decadence of Frenchwomen has set in under this republic. They are ceasing to be themselves; and it is time that the attention of the friends of France should be seriously directed to the situation in which they stand.

Let us first see what Frenchwomen have been; we shall then observe more easily what they are, and what they are in danger of becoming.

In no country and at no time have women exercised such power, or played such a part, as they had gradually assumed in France during the last two centuries. The Frenchwoman had formed herself by degrees into an institution of a peculiar kind. Nothing like her was to be found elsewhere. She had invented, for her own use, a type of womanhood which was special to herself, and which no one else could appropriate. Her quickness, her inventiveness, and her imitativeness, enabled her to perceive and seize all the means of action which could serve her; and she used these means with such dexterity, that, after a few generations of evolution and development, she reached the fullest consummation of intelligence and of charm which the world has yet seen. And she was not only remarkable for her individual capacities—it was not solely in her personal attributes that she shone; she was even more striking in her associated action, in the royalty which her corporation collectively exercised over her own country and over Europe. Her very name had grown to be a proverb and a power. There is no other example in history of the women of

any single nation standing out in a class before the world as the universally accepted, uncontested type of superiority in all that constitutes feminine brilliancy, in skill and taste, and wit and winningness. And there is no other instance of the women of a race acquiring and wielding a national influence, social, moral, intellectual, and therefore indirectly political, such as Frenchwomen exercised around them until a few years ago. The nation had accorded to them by degrees, and perhaps without quite perceiving what it was doing, a place in which their abilities and their influence mutually reacted upon and fortified each other. Their inborn potentialities were evolved into full work by their situation, and the situation in turn was aggrandized and vivified by the growth of the faculties which half created it. The interworking of these two causalities carried them to the triumphs which they achieved. But, of course, their victory varied with their means; it was, in each case, proportioned to their place and properties; and it was necessarily limited to the educated classes; for, by its nature, it was a fruit of graces, of refinements, of acquired delicate efficiencies which good teaching, good example, and good contact can alone bestow.

The woman of society — the "lady," as she would be called in England, the *femme du monde*, as she is defined in France — held her empire by an accumulation of these bright capacities. Of beauty, as we narrowly understand it in England, she had but little; but she possessed so many other witcheries that her habitual want of features and complexion ceased to count against her. Expression redeemed the absence of prettiness, and the designation *jolie laide* was invented for her in order to express her power of pleasing despite her ugliness. In this first view of her she at once assumed a standing-ground of her own; for she was the only woman in Europe who could win homage and admiration without good looks. She did much more, indeed; she led men (in absolute contradiction to our insular theory) to regard mere fairness of face as only one, and not the most important, of the many spells which a true woman should wield. Her bearing was all her own; she had no aristocracy, as we English understand it; but she had a something more gentle and more winning, less dominating, less impressive, less grandiose, but infinitely more persuasive, more sympathetic, more human — she had distinction, a distinction peculiar to her-

self, all brightness, symmetry, elegance and finish. Her manner, again, was exclusively her own, — its ease, its lightness, its gaiety, its unaffectedness and naturalness, were never caught by women of other races. Others had their merits too, but they were not those of Frenchwomen. Her eloquence, which was made up of an unconscious mingling of paradox and common sense, — her facility of talk, her thorough possession of her language, and her flow of amusingness, — made every listener hang upon her lips with delight. The grace of her figure and of her hands and feet, the use she made of them, the adroitness with which she put in evidence every seduction which nature had bestowed upon her or art had created for her, threw around her a physical charm which was still further heightened by her dressing. And above and beyond all stood her feminineness, her thorough womanness, the greatest, the noblest, the sweetest of her allurements. These were the powers which the true *femme du monde* displayed; these were the sources of her sovereignty.

But, remarkable as were all these elements of her empire, the use she made of that empire was more striking still; for the elements, admirable as they were, had limits, while the empire was unlimited. In her drawing-room the Frenchwoman was a mistress of an exceptional kind: she was not merely chief of the house, she was, effectively, president of an assembly; she invented, regulated, and directed the movement of thought around her; she tilted the ideas of those who had any, and she furnished fancies to those who had none; her fireside was an oasis and a resting-place. The action so commenced indoors spread outside into the life of her friends; she made herself felt even in her absence; her arguments and her counsels were remembered and practically applied; her teaching fructified. In her place and her degree she stamped her mark on those she lived with, and, as a natural consequence, the organization of feeling, of sentiment, and of tendencies, in the centre in which she moved, was, in reality, her product. French literature is full of biographies and monographs of women such as these; but numerous as are the books about them, they tell only of a few privileged exceptions. Tens of thousands of unknown good spirits have done their work in life, but have left no record of their passage; that work, however, has been none the less real, none the less national, none the less French. The men

have not attempted to resist this absorption of action by the women; knowingly or unknowingly, by weakness or by will, they have accepted the pilotage which was offered them, and have allowed the women to become the real conductors of the moral life of the land, of its emotions, its pleasures, and even its ambitions and its objects.

Thus far we have spoken only of the qualities of the typical Frenchwoman. Let us see, now, what her faults were. In both cases we consider her in her public character alone; neither her private nature nor her home action concern us here.

Notwithstanding her extreme feminineness — perhaps, indeed, because of it — she was frivolous, vain, and ignorant. In other words, she attached undue importance to the surface of things; she was entirely convinced of her own efficacy; and she had scarcely any book-knowledge. Her frivolity, however, contained no falseness, and her vanity no snobbishness; while her want of reading was compensated by her special faculty of picking up information by contact. But her true demerit, from the wide point of view at which we are placing ourselves here, the great defect for which she offered no set off, was the narrowness and pure Frenchness of her view on foreign questions. She was full of prejudice, of dogmatism, of foregone conclusions. Never was a temperament less cosmopolitan than hers; it was indeed so limitedly local, so circumscribedly national, that it is difficult to comprehend, when we first look at this particular aspect of her, how she ever managed to stretch her hold beyond her frontiers. The explanation is, that she influenced from a distance, by a magnetic transmission of herself, by the power of example and reputation, not by the immediate pressure of personal presence. Her success abroad was reflected, not direct; it was the recoil of her ascendancy at home. She achieved it in spite of her dislike of other races. And, curiously, this ungenerous littleness, though common to all classes, became more and more visible as the social scale rose higher. It reached the maximum of its development in the women of the set known as the Faubourg St. Germain. Nowhere was there, in modern Europe, a group of persons more intolerant and more illiberal, less reasoning and less impartial, than the "pure Faubourg," as a whole. Never were the high-class women of any land so unlike their equals elsewhere. The

best-born of all the European races (except the French) have a feeling of instinctive sympathy for each other, as being of one great family, and as representing the same interest: they are all impelled, by the mutual consciousness of gentle blood, to meet without mistrust, on the common ground of social equivalence. But never have Frenchwomen felt that. Putting aside some few exceptions, the rule amongst them is, that they shun foreigners, show them little hospitality, and hold their opinions in contempt. The Faubourg St. Germain, especially, which had concentrated itself into a fortified refuge of antique bigotries, admitted scarcely any stranger inside its walls. It is true that no stranger really wished to pass them, unless it were out of simple curiosity to see what the once famous Faubourg looked like, for no one who was not born in it could find pleasure in such a social dungeon. Of course there were, and are, within its precincts, certain corners which have become modernized. The names of the houses which, though still placed on the southern bank of the Seine, have adopted the habits and ideas of the northern side, will rise to the lips of every one acquainted with the society of Paris; but, taken as a whole, as a clan, as a sect, the Faubourg St. Germain was, and is, the gloomiest of all the coteries in Europe. It was always a laboratory of fanaticism; but since 1830 it has voluntarily surrounded itself with unapproachable dreariness, and it has, if possible, carried further still its ancient shrinking from all that is not French.

Now, if this inhospitable disposition had been compensated by a highly developed national action, — by warm, glowing, successful work at home, — it would have been possible to argue, in defence of it, that it was, after all, only a more or less rational consequence of ardent patriotism. But as, for a long time past, the Faubourg St. Germain has had no influence whatever in the country, — as it is the section which, of all the categories that make up the sum of society, possesses the least hold over the nation, and has made the least effort to obtain any, — its absence of sympathy with extraneous questions and persons cannot be explained in that way, and must be referred to the true cause — a general dryness and selfishness, a manifest indifference to, and scorn for, all that is not "Faubourg." And yet, with all its actual feebleness and isolation, there was a period when this Faubourg was the one social power of France, when

its women counted amongst the active life-springs of the nation, and when they established, almost unaided (for scarcely any of their compatriots were in a position to help them then), the foundations of the influence which the Frenchwomen of following generations were destined to exercise. Faded as their situation now is, eclipsed and superseded as they are by other and newer vigors, it would be ungrateful and unfair to forget that they were once the only feminine puissance in the land, and that it was they who laid the foundations of the success in which it has ceased to please them to take a share. The tale of their former action is written in the chronicles of France; but they have withdrawn from the work they began, and the great, modern middle class has assumed their place, and has learnt to discharge their function.

That middle class, augmenting with the increase of wealth and the spread of education, seemed likely, if things went on as they were going, to become the true upper section of the community, the Faubourg order being eliminated by its own inherent incapacity, and by the process of crowding out to which it was being subjected. It was in this wide central body that the women used to exhibit all the highest characteristics of their race; it was in it that the most perfect examples of their type were found; and there was, in this branch of the nation, a special freshness and diversity which was proper to itself. In the old noble classes there existed traditions and models which were handed on by each generation to its children, and their shaping brought about a general similarity of product. Whereas, in the perpetually renewed ranks of the centre, into which all sorts of unprepared elements were constantly surging up from below, a large proportion of the women had to create themselves, to discover their end, to invent their means. They were, consequently, more personal than the people above them; there was more *imprévu*, less fixed pattern, about them; they were, in many cases, the self-generated issue of their own intelligence: they were French of the French, made up of inherent faculties; a fruit of intrinsic idiosyncrasies developed by new surroundings; an outcome of inborn fitnesses. But, though this marked difference existed between the processes of manufacture of the women of the first and second grades, their social functions and their social action were identical (so long, that is, as the upper crust continued to

do anything at all). They strove, alike, to sway the men around them, to mould French life, and to lift up France, by their example, and by the influence of that example on other countries.

The wives and daughters of the working strata did good too, but it was in another fashion and with another object. In this third gradation social issues had of course no place, but still the laborer's wife presented many of the characteristics of the women above her. She had their gaiety, their naturalness, their effusiveness; and she usually possessed, in a dormant state, the capabilities of the others, for if her husband rose in the world, she almost always fitted herself to her new station, and took her place in it without inaptitude. This third group, however, notwithstanding its numbers, exercised no influence; it was worthy, self-denying, toiling, and affectionate, but it had neither the ambition nor the means to teach, to proselytize, or to rule. Its office was of another kind; it was of a purely home aspect. It was admirable within its limits, but it had nothing in common with the public dominance of the two other classes of Frenchwomen. There was nothing national or international about it, and we need therefore take no account of it here.

Such was, in rough outline, the general situation of the women of France down to the date of the German war. The Second Empire had neither weakened their hold nor damaged their natures. Nothing, indeed, is more unfair or more untrue than to pretend, either for party purposes or from an affectation of morality, that the reign of Napoleon III. did any general or permanent harm to French character. A certain limited band indulged in a good deal of amusement and extravagance, but the nation, as a whole, was outside the movement: it looked on, laughed, and made money. The Frenchwoman came out of the imperial period just as she entered it, — unhurt and unchanged, with the same merits and the same faults, with just as much capacity and simplicity as she had before, with no lessening of any of her powers. On the contrary, her influence over France and Europe was never greater than during the twenty years which preceded 1870. And it was not the noisy pressure of frivolous excitement, — it was the sound superiority of intelligence, the supremacy of grace. And see how Europe testified to the truth of this; see what proof was given that the Frenchwoman never stood higher in

foreign sympathy. When France was conquered, did her moral influence fall? Not for one moment, or in the faintest measure. France lost her political place, as a consequence of defeat, but held her own, intellectually, socially, and sentimentally, just as if nothing at all had happened. Why? Because the accumulated action of her women had done what her men could not effect — it had retained her friends. It was to the past work of her women that France was principally indebted for the position which, in her hour of trial, she occupied before the world; it was to them that, for the greater part, she owed the abiding sympathy of Europe. She was invaded, beaten, and humiliated, yet still accepted and proclaimed by the surrounding nations as their guide, their light, their text and type in all that makes life graceful, spiritual, and attractive. Who will deny the truth of this? Who will assert that in her day of sorrow, when her men had failed her, France was not mainly held up, sustained, and kept in place by the merits of her women? Never was there, in the records of nations, a moment at which the services which women can render were more unequivocally or more grandly shown. In the sad days which followed the signature of peace, from 1871 to 1873, France was indeed well served by them; the store of good-will, of respect, of admiration which they had piled up in Europe, poured itself out around the land in eager tenderness. In every corner of England and the Continent were friends of France, friends made for her in better days, chiefly by the efforts and the reputation of her women; friends who are still faithful to her, still attached to her, but whose fondness would not long survive if France ceased to be served and defended by her women.

Such was the situation ten years ago. Such was the position in which the republic found the women of the country it came to govern. They were powerful at home, honored abroad. They were a glory and an energy in the land. What has the republic done with them?

The reply is simple. Since 1871, and particularly since the third republic has been definitely established, the inland sovereignty of the Frenchwoman has begun to melt away, and her exterior credit to grow pale, the reason being that the republic has included her amongst the forces to be annulled, and has done its utmost to dismiss her from her rule, as if she were a mere monarch, and could be

dethroned like ordinary kings. We shall soon see how.

The republic has introduced several new conditions into French life. By its essence and its mission — which are to democratize not only government, but character and rights as well — it has naturally brought about an antagonism of castes. By that antagonism it has upset the balance of social influences, and has altered the relations between classes. By its legislative enactments it has suppressed or modified a good many individual liberties. In each of these directions its action has been unmistakably pointed, not only against the "ancient parties," but also in reality and effect, against what used to be regarded as the higher categories of the population. At the same time, it would be unjust not to recognize that, in a good deal of all this, a professedly democratic *régime* could scarcely have acted otherwise, since its one purpose is to do everything for and by the people. Within certain limits (which we need not attempt to determine, because in the particular case which we are considering the limits fix themselves), we fully acknowledge that the actual masters of France have both right and logic on their side. They are the majority; they have power; they have a programme, and no impartial spectator can blame them for carrying the political elements of that programme into execution. We will go further still, — we will admit that the present system cannot content itself with purely political results, and that, to be faithful to its creed, it must pursue certain social consequences as well. But here arises the well-known difficulty. Directly a government touches the social organization of a people it is forced to pull down, for it is powerless to lift up. The unification of classes can only be obtained by dragging the top to the bottom; no motor yet discovered can raise the bottom to the top. The republicans may not really wish to destroy their upper classes; but, as a fact, they have begun to do so, and seem likely to be obliged to continue, whether they like it or not. They commenced by transferring the exercise of government from the particular section of the population which formerly possessed it, which was educated to it, and was accustomed to practise it, to another section which is new to it, and which has received no preparation for it. So far their operation was exclusively political. But additionally, and at the same time, they attempted, with constantly increasing suc-

cess, to suppress all national action and all national usefulness on the part of the dispossessed section, and to reduce it to a condition of practical nullity. They have now managed to exclude the former upper classes, almost entirely, from participation in the public life of France, from influence in the State, or from a voice in its councils. Yet, even in this second stage of their proceedings, they can scarcely be said to have gone beyond the strict rights of political victory, and to have distinctly manifested a purpose of social subversion, for it was not to be expected that they would remain content until they had expelled the ousted classes from any share in the direction or the administration of the country. The new democratic reign had a right to seek that result, and could scarcely content itself with less: it was entitled, by the law of conquest, to choose not only its policy but its men, and to eliminate from public action all influences and persons which the majority regarded as hostile either to its principles or its objects.

Furthermore, the gentlemen of France, viewed collectively and omitting the exceptions, have done nothing whatever to ward off their own destruction—have made no attempt to hold their ground, to defend their position, or to retain their credit. The mass of them sulk silently in their chateaux, say snarlingly that the country is going to the devil, and do not make the faintest effort to prevent it. The active, energetic life of an English landlord appears to be beyond their conception: the unceasing discharge of local business, the perpetual friendly contact between employer and employed, the claim to the inborn right of laboring for the public good, the privilege of rendering service, the frank acceptance of duties and responsibilities as a consequence of position, which stamp the tone and attitude of the gentlemen in every village in England, are all unknown to them. Never did a great class so tamely permit its place and power to be snatched away from it, or sit down under defeat with such astounding torpidity. It would almost seem as if these enemies of the republic desired to prove, by voluntarily supplying conclusive evidence of their incapacity as a mass, how wise the republic is to have relieved them of all further trouble. Passive sullenness is the distinguishing mark of their present conduct towards the republic: they sit in a corner and growl at what they call the *canaille*, but they do not make the faintest united

effort to work up again to their lost status. They have evidently no perception of the fact that in our time rights have lost the faculty of surviving of their own accord; that they no longer endure when they are no longer merited; that, to keep them alive, they must be vigorously backed up by conduct and by energy; and that daily proof must be supplied by those who claim to exercise them, that they are still worthy to be intrusted with them. We know all this in England, and we act accordingly. It is not so in France: there, class rights are still regarded by a good many people as abstract possessions, involving no necessary work at all. Under such conditions, it is not strange that the republicans should both repudiate the aristocracy as a natural enemy, and scoff at it as a useless ally.

They have done this with an earnestness and completeness which leave but little space for hopes of reconciliation or arrangement. But yet they profess to open their arms to all who choose to join them, and they declare that it is the fault of the "ancient parties" alone if they remain outside. This, however, is not altogether true. Such few members of those parties as have changed their opinions and have gone over to the republic, have not been received with an enthusiasm calculated to tempt others to follow their example. And additionally—with the exception of the army and navy, which are technical and hierarchical careers whence exclusion on political grounds is almost impossible—very few men of the old sort are now to be found in the public pay. In all the branches of the civil service, which are prodigiously extensive and varied in France, the greater part of the former servants have been turned out. New comers have claimed and have occupied all the places, of no matter what nature, that the government had to bestow. And the democratic spirit is excluding the well-born, more and more, from the elective bodies, from the departmental and communal councils, as from the Senate and the Chamber. If the aristocracy has shrunk from the republic, the republic has paid it back in its own coin with compound interest, and cannot pretend that it has shown the faintest symptom of any desire to make friends. The breach is complete, for the present at least: on neither side is there a sign of any disposition to bridge it over.

Here again, it must be said, in strict equity, that the republic remains within

its rôle and within its rights. But it has simultaneously taken another step which carries it clearly beyond both. It has not only thrust aside the old governing classes, but it has also unmistakably given France to understand that it intends to go a long way further, and that it means to abolish, if it can, the power and influence of society as well. As the governing classes and society were composed, for a considerable part at least, of the same persons, it is to a certain extent comprehensible that the republic should not regard society as a friend; but that it should look at it—as it manifestly does—as worn out and obsolete, as necessarily reactionary and anti-republican, is to go far beyond what the facts of the situation justify. War is, however, implicitly declared against society—not by the government, of course, or in any well-defined or official form, but by the democratic party, as a mass, by the whole surging, aspiring multitude of the *nouvelles couches*. It was in the order of things that it should be so: nothing could prevent it; it was only a matter of date. It was one of the functions of a Radical republic to smash society as a force. The smashing has begun. The blow dealt at the political position and influence of the aristocracy produced, as a natural consequence, an immediate and painful *contre-coup* on society. The damage done to the one was keenly felt as an injury by the other; the two were, for the moment, so intimately bound up together that neither of them could suffer alone; all detriment to either was common to both, for they had not had time since 1871 to detach themselves from each other. As society in France had rendered the weightiest services to the State; as it had always been one of the primary factors in the formation of opinion; as it had presided over the whole organization of the higher life of the nation; as it had largely aided, morally and intellectually, to fashion France into what France was; as it had formed, by the multiplicity, the variety, and the extent of its operations, an empire within an empire,—it had naturally become an active supporter of what was then the governing class, and was considered and consulted by it as a faithful friend and ally. And yet, though all this was true, though society was mainly represented, in its public action and in its contact with the State, by the upper strata, it must not be forgotten that, in reality, society spread far away into the nation, and that it included a much deeper and

much wider mixture of general components than are usually contained in what is called society elsewhere. Since the Revolution there had been nothing exclusive about it; there was but one condition for forming part of it—that condition was personal fitness. Neither special position, nor certain determined occupations, nor even money, were indispensable for admission to it. If ever a society was truly national, truly catholic, truly generous and open-armed, it was certainly the society of France. It was generally cold to foreigners, but it was amply open to the entire home population, with the single obligation of contributing to the discharge of its functions. The Faubourg St. Germain singly stood apart. With that lonely exception society in France has always been during the present century as profoundly democratic in its roots and origins as it was conservative in its tendencies and action. It set an example of liberty and accessibility long before the republics of '48 or '70 proclaimed the rights of the people. With such characteristics as these, it was not strange that it counted as one of the powers of France. Its uses were so evident, its services were so manifest, its value was so indisputable, that successive governments courted its good-will and co-operation, and saw in it one of the most energetic, most all-pervading, and most thoroughly French of the forces at their disposal; they recognized that society lifted up France at home and made her loved and honored abroad.

It was reserved for this successful republic, for this triumphant democracy, to attack an authority which all preceding masters (including even Napoleon) had respected; an authority which had a very special claim to consideration from popular feeling, for it had not only exercised its sway by the most eminent and most winning of French qualities—by gaiety, by inspiration, and by charm,—but had set the first example of permanent emancipation from class prejudices. The attack is not yet violent—it is directed, thus far, against the outworks only; but the siege has commenced, and the investing troops are too bitter to be likely to abandon it. They see in society a citadel to be dismantled, because it stands upon a height—a stronghold to be demolished, because its garrison is composed of picked soldiers—a keep to be blown down, because the flag which flies from it is a small token of superiority. Democracy is jealous of society, and when democracy is jealous it destroys.

But it will not destroy society alone. Another of the brightnesses of France will fall with it. French society and Frenchwomen are one, and when society is gone as a force, there will be an end of women as a charm. What society did in France, women did, for society is an operator to whose ends Frenchmen contribute almost nothing. Society there was what women made it: it was through it that they preached their bright message; it was through it that they shaped their country; it was through it that Europe learned to know the French. Society and women, in France, labored together, prevailed together, prospered together. And, to-day, they fall together. In the great general excommunication of the French upper classes is incorporated the consequent inevitable ostracism of women from the public power which they once possessed and so admirably employed; for, though society, as has just been said, is not composed of those classes alone, it is still so largely dependent on them for its form, its essence, and its being, that it is not possible to conceive the continuation of its existence as a power, if ever those classes are effectively barred out from its direction. It would, in such an event, fall helplessly to pieces; it would lose the unity which has hitherto distinguished it; it would break up into patches, atoms, and scraps; its vitality would abandon it; the most French of Frenchnesses would be undone; and Frenchwomen would lose their sceptre.

Thus far we have endeavored only to summarize the situation in its main outlines, — to present an approximate sketch of the past action and past uses of French society and Frenchwomen, and of the new conditions in which they find themselves at this moment. We will now approach more closely to the subject, and indicate the nature of the actual position, so as to determine the character and degree of the decadence which has already been induced. This brings us to the core of the question; hitherto we have only been working up to it by preparing the necessary elements of comparison between the present and the past, between what was and what is.

First of all, it will be prudent to recognize that a great many people in France (a majority, in all probability) would deny that there is any decadence at all, or even that any real change has occurred in the public situation and power of either society or women. The republicans would naturally affirm, in the puritanical lan-

guage so many of them affect, that, instead of weakening the position of their countrywomen, they have placed that position higher even than it was before, by surrounding it with an aureola of democratic virtues and patriotic purities. A large number of the women themselves, especially the less thoughtful of them, would learn with astonished and offended pride that their place is going from them. But other witnesses are at hand; other voices are making themselves heard. The protestations of many amongst the French, the testimony of independent observers, and the evidence of the facts, unite to prove the reality of the damage already done, and to shadow forth the threatenings of the future.

The best, the truest, the noblest of Frenchwomen — the women who are no longer young but who know how to be old without regret — the women who remember and compare, whose knowledge of life enables them to gauge events, and whose position, character, and authority place their attestations above denial, — these women are almost unanimous in declaring that, during the last few years, they and their sisters have palpably lost ground, both in public action and in personal capacity. And this is not the querulous complaint of worn-out eldership, of persons whose views have changed with years, and who think the past superior to the present because their own associations are connected with the past. No: it is the thoughtful, unbiassed verdict of unwilling judges, whose sentence gains still further weight because it is in painful contradiction to their wishes and affections. And it is not in the more ancient ranks alone that these reluctant deponents are to be found. Many of the younger women, too, are testifying against themselves each day, and are impartially proclaiming that society is fading, and that they themselves are drooping and withering with it. Even the men are beginning to take some small part in the outcry which is swelling up against the damage inflicted by democracy on society and women, and though it is only the more observant of the French, who, thus far, point to the coming danger — though it is only the minority which has yet perceived the impending downfall — the day is approaching fast when all eyes will be opened to it.

Next come the declarations of foreigners, of aliens who live in France. Their evidence cannot be suspected, for they love France — so earnestly, indeed, that they

cherish not only her merits but even her faults. They admire her greatnesses and her brightnesses, but they have sense enough and philosophy enough to recognize that it is contrary to all the teachings of reality, to all the lessons of life, to seek for excellencies alone, and that the wise man must accept defects as well, for the sake of the qualities which correspond to them. These foreigners have no dislike to the republic; on the contrary, most of them are thoroughly convinced that it is the only government which is now possible in France. Furthermore, being true cosmopolitans, with no prejudices and with no preferences, they declare that the political *régime* of France is no concern of theirs, and that it is for the French alone to choose the shape of supervision under which it pleases them to place themselves. All they desire is to live in France and to attach themselves to her without reference to the momentary form of her constitution. Well, these strangers, of varied nationalities, possessing (many of them at least) old and intimate acquaintance with French society, and the accumulated world-wide experience necessary to view that society broadly and measure it fairly, — these strangers assert, almost with one consent, that the Frenchwoman is passing away. They say that her luminousness, her instinct, her fancy, and her sentiment, have all diminished; that she manifestly takes less trouble to please and to play her part in life; that her aptitudes are no longer exercised or applied as they were in former days; that her type of mind is ceasing to be peculiar to herself, and that, as a consequence of these changes, her charm has sensibly diminished. They observe that all this has happened since 1871, and on behalf of Europe they raise their voices in protestation. They entreat the republic to take note that the Frenchwoman is being stifled, and they appeal for her preservation as one of the glories of France and one of the necessities of Europe. The world cannot spare her. Other women than she had realized the curious mixture of transient attributes, of artificial capacities, of acquired graces, of faculties and faults, of brilliancies and vanities, the accumulation of which makes up that strangely composite and profoundly conventional product — the modern lady; but no other woman had ever achieved these ends as she had done, with such plenitude, such finish, and such ease, with such dexterity and facility, with such unflinching adaptability to the ever-varying modifications called

for by the unceasing evolution of usages and manners. And, above all, no other women had ever utilized their sway to the same degree in order to make themselves felt everywhere as a living, self-asserting force. The success of Frenchwomen in all this had been so thorough; they had gone so resolutely ahead of the men of their race; they had so fully seized the front place in their land, — that the rest of the world looked on with admiration, and came by degrees to regard them as a generic but uncopyable pattern, as a sort of collective property of the earth, which every other nation had an equal right to respect from afar, to extol, and to acclaim. The Frenchwoman, in the eyes of the world of travel, of experience, and of critical comparison, was one of the special outgrowths of our time. The whole earth, indeed, has unstintingly felt this; it will therefore be justified now in weeping over the demolition of this universal idol, and in calling upon the republic to restore it to its place upon the altars. If the Frenchwoman is to be annulled, it is not for France alone to mourn over her; all humanity will claim the melancholy right to cast flowers on her grave.

And now let us pass from the personal to the material side of the proofs, from the testimony of individuals to the evidence of facts. A low atmosphere of *ennui* has settled over France since the establishment of the republic. The sky, so clear, so bright before, so full of sunbeams and so radiant with light, is veiled by mists of tedium, by hovering hazes of distrust, and by the clouds of gathering storm. The composition of the air seems altered; those who breathe it feel as if it had veered round from sprightliness to heaviness; its vivifying freshness is gone. The entire social climate has undergone a change; its old peculiar characteristics are disappearing; new conditions are arising in their places. And these mutations have not been vague and undefined; they have not been limited to general appearances, to occasional symptoms, or to passing signs; on the contrary, they have produced themselves in the most distinct form, with unequivocal precision, and with a persistence and a permanence which leave, unhappily, no doubt of their reality. It is a glaring verity that, during the last few years, French society has lost a large part of its gaiety and vivacity, of its demonstrativeness and naturalness. The wish for joy is manifestly growing weaker. The French, who were once so resolute in their hostility to sadness, ap-

pear to be beginning to accept it tacitly, like the English, as a natural element of life. And more than all—incredible as it may sound—they are, most certainly, becoming stupid. They used to be the most intelligent people upon earth—they overflowed with vitality and animation—they chattered and rejoiced all day; but now they are often dull and silent. And as they talk less and laugh less, so, also, do they seem to feel less; the rapid impressibility, the comprehensive emotionality, which were so eminently theirs, have apparently been blunted. And all this is particularly and especially true of the women; for as they were, in former days, the completest models of French capacities, so are they, naturally, the first to suffer when those capacities begin to wane. It is they who have lost the most in this national decline, for it was they who had the most to lose. They, who were once so full of confidence and self-reliance, who were so buoyant, so enthusiastic, so optimist, and even so utopian; they, to whom life was a theatre in which they were the applauded actresses; they, who had no doubts and no hesitations about either their talent or their performance,—seem now to have become timid, diffident, suspicious, and half paralyzed by despondency. There is, in their attitude as a class, the anxious, nervous look of a prisoner on trial. And this comparison is not strained, for they all well know that, in fact and truth, the republic is sitting in judgment on them, and that they will probably be condemned. The result of all this is that social intercourse is diminishing, for when people have a rope round their necks they do not care to be amused or to amuse others. Festivities of all kinds are few; many well-known houses have closed their doors and receive no more; and in the homes which are still open to visitors there is a sort of chilliness. Some of the highest placed and most intelligent women of the foreign colony in Paris are positively beginning to confess that they no longer care to know many French people, because most of them have become so dull. Social leadership is passing away into exotic hands. There are still a few great ladies who retain their former chieftainship; but they can be counted on the fingers, and the reality now is that the French have drawn back from their old, active contact with each other, and have left the care of hospitality to strangers and to Jews. In the provinces the condition is worse still; for outside the capital there

are no Spaniards, no Americans, and no Israelites to replace the absent natives. And furthermore, as the spirit of clanship and of petty hostility to the government is much more active in the country, as the good people there seem to consider it a duty to be lugubrious under the republic, there is really almost an end of any social intercourse at all beyond the limits of the department of the Seine. Taking the situation all round, it may be said, with truth, that there is no more society in France in the old, great meaning of the word; and that even in the restricted sense of mere parties and dinners and dances, there is an enormous falling off. And as it is with society, so is it also with women. No more of them are being produced. The unceasing procession of fresh triumphers and of new potentates, which was so remarkable a symptom of the healthy period of French society, has stopped altogether. Scarcely any of the young beginners of the last ten years have made a name or taken a place. The conductors of amusement in its present reduced form are still a remaining few of the same ladies who directed it under the empire. The republic has been a barren spouse to France; it has engendered no women, just as it has brought forth no men. These things are as well known on the Boulevard as are the *cafés* and the lamp-posts. They are as certain as night after day; and terribly like night they are in their gloominess and sadness. They make up a group of facts to add to the statements of the witnesses, and facts and testimonies combine together to prove that the Frenchwoman is decaying.

And all this is the work of the republic. It is impossible to deny it. There were no signs of decline so long as there was a monarchy in France. The whole of the symptoms which we have just indicated have sprung up since the war. And furthermore, the republic has pursued, as we have seen, a line of conduct towards society and women which, in itself, explains the commencement of decadence of which we are the spectators, and leaves no space for doubt that the present political system is responsible for what is happening. But here, again, it would be unjust to lay the entire blame on the back of the republic, properly so called. A republic is a rougher institution than a sovereignty; it cares less for forms and manners; it has less sympathy for elegances and graces; the brightnesses and delicacies of feminine charm

are not regarded by it as necessary ingredients of life. But yet, notwithstanding these inherent antagonisms, there is no fundamental reason at all why a moderate republic should not recognize the necessity and the policy of gaining the goodwill of society, and of supporting and utilizing it as a national force. To do this, however, the republic must remain somewhat conservative, and that is precisely what the French republic has ceased to be. Its ungainliness is increasing instead of diminishing; its innate disinclination to graceful things is augmenting, for the simple reason that it is becoming more and more essentially democratic. It is to its democratic rather than to its purely republican spirit, that the gravity of the social situation is to be ascribed. The republic, as a separate, abstract conception, is relatively innocent. It deprived the upper classes of power, but it does not necessarily follow, nor is it in any way proved, that if left to itself it would have gone beyond that point. Democracy, on the contrary, would stop nowhere. The attacks against society, so far as they have already gone, were the act of the republic in its young excitement; the situation in the present is also, consequently, its work; but the danger of the future promises to arise almost exclusively from democracy, from the Radical elements which are unceasingly gaining power, and from the certainty, based on experience, that they will use that power for destruction. The result produced already is marked enough, and sad enough: but the true seriousness of the case lies in the sombre probabilities of the future; in the effects which will be produced on Frenchwomen by the growth of the revolutionary spirit—by the development of that "latent radicalism" of which the Duc de Broglie so prophetically spoke in 1877, during the stormy discussions which followed the 16th of May.

The mass of the nation is indifferent in the matter; it does not understand it; and it cares so little for anything whatever except money-making, that it gladly leaves the management of its affairs to any one who is kind enough to take the trouble off its hands. But still, if the mass had any opinion at all, that opinion would be against society; for the old popular conservatism is ebbing away, and the multitude has no favor now for anything which lies above it. It is becoming democratic in the country as in the towns, and will soon be ripe to follow the new

leaders who are marching to the front, and to approve the measures which those leaders will apply. Society and women, as institutions, can look nowhere, with certainty, for reliable and effectual assistance. According to all the probabilities of the case, they both are doomed. Even the intensity of their Frenchness will not save them, for the longing for subversion takes precedence of patriotism in the democratic mind. Furthermore, if democracy permitted them to exist, it would not know how to utilize them. The republic, even in the relatively temperate form it has hitherto assumed, has proved how incompetent it is to employ, or even to comprehend, these delicate forces; and democracy is, necessarily, still more awkward in the matter, for its entire essence is opposed to the symmetries and refinements of which Frenchwomen are the type and the exponents. Yet the danger lies not in the coarseness or the clumsiness of Radicalism, but in its hate—in that chafing abhorrence of everything that stands high, which is the distinguishing characteristic of democratic passion.

There is but one faint chance left. If the republic can resist democracy, and if it can open its eyes to its own and the national advantage, it may yet prevent the coming disappearance of Frenchwomen. It was urged at the commencement of this article, that some of the old forces of France might advantageously be employed by the republic. Is it quite incapable to distinguish between the "ancient parties" and society at large, and to keep the latter at work, though it continues to discard the former? Is it quite unable to utilize women? It is, of course, free to reject the aid of both if it thinks that it can do without them; it is also free to refuse to protect them, if it thinks that France does not want them; and it is fully entitled to set society at defiance, and to laugh at its hostility. But in doing these things it will have the whole of Europe against it; and the certainty of the disapprobation of all its neighbors may, perhaps, count for something in its eyes. Thus far the government has given no signs of its opinions or intentions in the matter. Perhaps it is waiting to let the current grow in force, and then to float on with it when it is sweeping all before it. Perhaps, when that time comes, it will say of its citizens, like Caussidière in 1848, "Of course, as I am their chief, I must follow them;" perhaps it will do nothing at all, and will leave independent Radicalism to effect the overthrow by

itself. But even mere inaction on the part of the government would be as fatal as active hostility; for of all the dogmas which compose the creed of French life, not one is more universally adopted, more indisputably admitted, than the tenet that the government is supreme master of everything, and that nothing can thrive if the government is not with it. In the present state of things, the declared support of the State is indispensable for the maintenance of society as a force; and even that support would probably be insufficient now, for the double reason that it would be powerless against democracy, and that nobody would believe in its sincerity. Still, it is the sole remedy to try. Society will, of course, continue as a half-dried channel of intercourse — visits and parties will go on in an impoverished fashion; but that is not the meaning of society as we are considering it here. If the government will not or cannot protect it from its adversaries, the day will soon arrive when its national functions and its corporate qualities — its creativeness, its self-constitutiveness, and its representativeness — its dignity, its lustre, and its repute — will all be exterminated by irresistible and relentless sweeping out from below. Society can only be saved by union between it and the republic. It is for the republican government to hold out its hand: it is the conqueror, it is the master; it is in a position in which it can afford to be generous; it can lose nothing, but it can render a priceless service to France, and can merit the gratitude of Europe. If the government refuses to do its best, then the decadence will march on with speed, and there will be nothing left but to recommend French society and Frenchwomen to the protecting care of the Society for the Preservation of Historic Monuments, so that their memory and their relics may not be totally lost in the land in which they were once so great.

It would be a mistake to imagine that what is now passing is a superficial or momentary accident, which will settle itself straight again in a little time. According to the aspect of things, no such expectation can be entertained. The rupture of personal relations between society and the republic, if that were all, could probably be patched up in time, provided society frankly admitted that it can only be rescued by the republic, and provided the republic heartily recognized that it would do an irreparable damage to France if it allowed society to be destroyed. But the true danger is graver

and far deeper; it is in the very nature of the democratic sentiment — in the inevitable process of demolition to which all upper things will be subjected, not only in France, but in every other country in which democracy will successively apply its action. The lighter Paris newspapers proclaim, sneeringly, that "*la république manque de femmes*," and laugh at it because no Frenchwoman of what was formerly called good society will consent to appear at the official receptions of its functionaries. That detail is, however, so infinitely small that it constitutes no test and supplies no argument. The question is not one of the absence or presence of particular women in certain houses, but of the general feeling and intention with which the republic, in its entirety, contemplates the social institution which those women incarnate. It is not the action of the woman which interests us — it is the action of the republic. The republic has now an opportunity of a special kind; it can astonish the world by being delicate and graceful. It can show, if it likes, that under its rule Frenchwomen can remain themselves, and that there is nothing in the theory or the practice of a republic which is in any way contrary to the development of elegance and charm. But if it is to effect this, it must act with a tact and a skill of which it has hitherto displayed no sign. It must show sympathy for its vanquished foes, and must reawaken in them the sense of usefulness. It is in no way necessary that it should restore them to any share of political power; but it is indispensable that it should make them feel that they have still a duty to discharge and a function to perform, in the name and for the honor of their country. They should be told that France intrusts them — under the republic as under the monarchy — with the maintenance of some of her best traditions, with the conservation of her brightnesses and graces, with the guardianship of the qualities which have given to her the first place in social Europe. And they should be assured that, in the execution of the mission which is confided to them, the republic will resolutely protect them against all the attacks which may hereafter be directed against them.

Nothing of all this, however, is to be expected. Mention must be made of it because it forms part of the possible eventualities of the subject, but the probabilities are not in favor of its realization. They all lie, indeed, the other way, and

betoken a constant aggravation of the estrangement between the republic and society. In such a strife, the vanquished are foredoomed. Democracy will stamp out its victims, and will give no thought to the damage done to France.

The French have not yet quite got to that, but they are fast drifting to it. The decadence of the Frenchwoman has not yet attained the form of a clearly marked decay of capacity. Thus far its symptoms are only a dispossession of place and power, with an accompanying cessation of the utilization of abilities. It is a deprivation, not a total loss; a torpor, not a death. The qualities of the Frenchwoman remain what they were, but they are ceasing to be active, and are becoming latent. Her potentialities are unproductive, her faculties are passive. She is in a state of lethargy, like the sleeping beauty in the wood. So far, the harm done is not incurable; it is still quite possible to awake her, provided the republic will consent to play the part of Prince Charming. But if she remains too long in her present inaction, she will lose her power and unlearn her traditions; her arms will rust, and she will forget how to handle them. The present generation may be able, from habit and association, to preserve some portion of its ancient attributes; but its children will not inherit its endowments, because they will not have seen them in full work, and will not have learned either to value them or to apply them. Darwin tells us of some beetles in one of the Atlantic islands, whose ancestors flew there because they had wings, but who have no longer any wings themselves (though the marks of them remain), because, having left off using them—lest they should be blown from their sea-girt home into the waves—they have atrophied and disappeared. So will it be with Frenchwomen, when engaged in the *nouvelles couches*: their wings will leave them.

From Fraser's Magazine.

AN ATHENIAN ARCHBISHOP OF THE DARK AGES.

THE shades of the dark ages, that veritable "twilight of the gods" of art, deepen into blackest night as we draw near the city which Pheidias embellished, and in which Socrates conversed. So utter indeed, for some centuries, is the eclipse of Athens, that Fallmerayer,

somewhat hastily, presumes to doubt whether, for a considerable portion of this period, it is to be counted among the inhabited towns of Greece. Commerce and superstition alike passed by it. No eager trader, no pious pilgrim anchored his barque within the waters of the Piræus. No memorial of Christian martyr (unless exception may be made of dubious traces of Dionysius the Areopagite), no dying echo of academic disputations, attracted thither the religious or the profane. When Justinian closed the "schools of the philosophers," never again to be re-opened, the one link which still united Athens to the great capitals of the East and West broke noiselessly but irremediably in twain. The irruption of the barbarian Slavs and the flight of all who could afford to fly to Salamis, only completed the desolation which the orthodox emperor had begun. The legends which speak of Athenian students after this event, of a mythical Pope Joan or a John of Basingstoke as "once upon a time" imbibers of Attic learning in still-frequented "groves of Academe" are, like the female pope herself, the baseless fabrics of latter-day mediæval fancy. Deprived, if we may so speak, of its *raison d'être*, the fair city by the Ilissus sank at once beneath the level of a third-rate provincial town. It was not even the *chef-lieu* of the Thema (or military district) of "Hellas," for this barren honor was assigned to Thebes, where prætor and strategus had their official residences in the old Cadmeia. A scanty and half-barbarous population, in whose ranks a few silk-weavers formed a species of aristocracy above a plebeian throng of olive-growers and goatherds, bemoaned the taxes laid upon them by the Byzantine officials in a dialect which these latter in their turn declared to be the vilest *patois* spoken in all Greece. Of the long line of emperors of Constantinople, two only, between Julian and the last Palæologus, are positively known to have visited the city—Basil, ὁ Βουλγαροκτόνος, after his terrible victory over the Bulgarian Samuel; and Constans the Second, at the commencement of that circular tour of judicious pillage, which in all probability stripped Athens (as it is known to have stripped Rome) of the last portable treasures of ancient art, to adorn the squares and churches of Byzantium. Only the Church still stretched her arms over the city, and guarded still from utter desecration the former temples of those elder gods, whose shadowy forms the last fair

myth of expiring paganism depicts interposing between Alaric and the walls of Athens, just as, a century later on, in one of the earliest of Christian legends, the apparition to King Attila of the apostles Peter and Paul in a vision of the night preserves the Roman Capitol from the fury of the Huns. The temple of Theseus, slayer of the Minotaur, was now the chapel of the dragon-killer St. George; the Parthenon, the Church of the Blessed Virgin. The golden lamp which Callimachus had wrought, that it might shine both night and day (though fed with oil once only in the year) before the statue of Athene Polias, had been made long ago the prey of the destroyer. But in its room, beneath the two golden doves that hovered over the Christian altar, was another lamp, which the credulity of the time was pleased to describe as ever burning — an Attic rival of that perennial oil which welled from the floor of Santa Maria beyond Tiber (until one day the hasty exclamation of an angry matron, whose festal robe the wonder-working stream had smirched, made it forever to cease to flow), but still a prodigy too inconspicuous in those days of facile belief to attract many visitors from non-Grecian lands, although duly mentioned by the Icelandic voyager Seewulf, and by the garrulous geographer of Ravenna, as the most noteworthy sight and greatest wonder, greater, we may be sure, to them than frieze or statues of Pheidian handiwork — in that temple called "Propilia," which "the great king Jason built of old in honor of the Virgin Mother." The ecclesiastical importance of the capital of Attica corresponded on the whole to its political insignificance. It was indeed the see of an archbishop, a metropolitan over ten suffragan bishops of Phocis, Bœotia, Eubœa, and the adjacent isles. It had even at the commencement of the dark ages gained some renown for its opposition to the iconoclastic zeal of the Isaurian dynasty. In the twelfth century it was universally looked down upon as a place of "Scythian exile" by promotion-hunting courtiers, whether laymen or clerics, of Byzantium — an out-of-the-way and undesirable department of the great *diocesis Illyrica*.

The pioneers of geographical science leave Athens, as a rule, severely on one side. Guido of Ravenna notices it, as we have seen, though chiefly to air his fragmentary knowledge of old mythologies, strangely travestied. Gottfried of Viterbo speaks of it as a city built by Ju-

pter, a king's son, whose first wife was Niobe and his second Juno, and who founded in it a school of philosophy with a twofold course of study, a "trivium" and a "quadrivium," and ruled there in splendor over the Greeks and Danai. Benjamin of Tudela ignores it altogether, as do indeed, though for a different reason, his Jewish kinsmen at the present day — unable to compete with modern Greeks. Mandeville, writing almost two centuries after him, when Athens had become a Frankish dukedom, makes mention of it simply as a half-way station on the voyage from Cyprus to Constantinople. Of the great Saracen geographers, none but Istahri in the tenth and Edrisi in the twelfth century appear to speak of Athens from personal knowledge; if even Edrisi is not depending upon hearsay when he describes it as a "populous city, surrounded by gardens and cornfields," in the famous geographical treatise which he compiled for his Sicilian master, Roger the Second, whose admiral, George of Antioch, had just before this carried off into captivity the most skilful of the Athenian and Theban silk-weavers. Harold the viking may have flitted by it with his Norsemen, and left the strange, uninterpretable runes on that marble lion of the Piræus which Morosini in 1688 transferred to Venice, though not before it had caused the Piræus to receive the appellation of Porto Leone in the early maps.

One man alone, through all these centuries, among the priests and laymen of a darkened time, loved Athens with a deep and filial love. Michael Acominatus, for twenty-two years, according to the estimate of his latest biographer, Spiridion Lambros, its metropolitan, stands prominently out among the churchmen of his land, as does his contemporary, Hildebert of Tours, among the monkish penmen of the Latin West — two writers born out of due time to be first heralds of the dawn of the new humanity; two poets whose lips the Muse had touched with ember-fire from her ancient altar. Both mourn with equal heartiness the destruction of the remains of classic art; he of the West in the still often-quoted elegiacs which bewail the sack of Rome by the Norman Guiscard, and the disappearance amidst blood and flame of edifices which had charmed or awed a line of pilgrims from the lowly "anonymous" to the crowned monarch, from the open-handed Charlemagne to the sin-burdened Macbeth; the Eastern churchman, in mingled prose and

verse, with a more touching sense of isolation from all sympathy; an intellectual exile amidst a degenerate folk; a dreamer vainly laboring to restore in fancy the pristine splendor of the older Athens; a new Ixion, as he himself expresses it, amidst mists and clouds embracing the illusive image of an idolized Hera,—

ἔρων Ἀθηνῶν ὡς ἐκείνος τῆς Ἥρας,
εἶτα λαβὼν εἰδωλὸν ἡγλαισμένης.

Early training had prepared Acominatus to look on Athens with the same eyes with which Poggio and Petrarch looked, in a more appreciative age, on Rome. Born A.D. 1140, at Chonæ, in Phrygia—the Colossæ of the Pauline Epistles—of a wealthy family, one of whose members had done good service to the emperor Manuel in his campaign against the Turk, he had been sent in early youth by his wise and accomplished father to Constantinople, where he had studied under the famous brothers John and Isaac Tzetzes, and had sat at the feet of the still more famous Eustathius, the commentator on Homer, whose friendship he continued to enjoy throughout life, and whose death he commemorates in pathetic, if somewhat inflated, eulogy. His younger brother, the Nicetas Choniata, well known to every reader of Gibbon as the historian of the fourth crusade and the trusty councillor of Alexius III. and of the heroic Lascaris, early embraced a political career. He himself had taken orders, and been appointed primate of Athens in 1182, according to M. Lambros; in 1175, the same year in which his friend Eustathius was nominated Bishop of Thessalonica, according to his earlier biographers, Es-selin and Tafel.

His inaugural charge on taking possession of his metropolitan Church of St. Mary in the Parthenon has been compared by Gregorovius (to whom we are indebted for very many of these details) to the oration in which Gregory the Great laments the downfall of imperial Rome. Addressing, with half-unconscious irony, his rude Slavonic hearers as Ἀθηναίους οὐσι καὶ ἐξ Ἀθηναίων αὐθιγενῶν, he begins by reminding them of the past greatness of their city, and of the obligations which Christianity had laid upon them to excel in virtue their heroic ancestors. Fruitful olive-branches, grafted on a wild stem, they should as far surpass the Ajaces, the Cimon, the Μαραθωνόμαχοι of old, as the Virgin Mother herself transcends that pseudo-Parthenos of the former temple, who belied her name by

giving birth to the monster Erichthion. He bids them cultivate the arts of rhetoric and music—arts by which Pericles sustained his countrymen under the visitation of the plague, and Timotheus appeased the anger of Alexander the Great. He wishes for a skilful *cicerone* to take him round to the Stoa, the Peripatos, the lantern of Demosthenes, the different points of the Acropolis. He likens himself to Moses, and the height on which he stands to Horeb. In private letters to Autoreianus and Eustathius the good archbishop owns to many disillusion. The rude barbarian *patois*, sounding continually in his ears, reminds him of sweet Procne, mutilated by the Thracian Tereus. He compares himself to a second Jeremiah in a Jerusalem wasted by Babylonian conquerors. In all this perhaps there was something of wounded *amour propre*. The Athenians of the twelfth century, as is remarked by a contemporary, the anonymous author of the Greek preface to the first collection of Michael's writings, were no longer the men who spent all day in hurrying from one philosopher to another, and in perpetual inquiry after some new thing. Luxuriant and grandiloquent oratory (περισσὸν τι λέγειν) had no more charms for them than "the lyre for the ass." They would even go to sleep in the midst of such a discourse. And so we find Michael complain that the physical beauties of the Attic land remain—the honey-rich Hymettus, the sheltered haven of Piræus, the mystic Eleusis, the steed-nurturing plain of Marathon, the rock of the Acropolis, but the eloquent and philosophic race has passed away. A people foreign to the Muses, as poor in spirit as in body, fills its place. He addresses, after the fashion of the times, the neighboring prætors or the more distant emperors—the savage Andronicus and the weak Isaac Angelus—with panegyrics and encomia of honeyed flattery. "My Attica," he says, in an address to the prætor Nicephorus, a creature of Andronicus—"my Attica and the once golden city of Athens welcome you as a gift sent from heaven." Athens herself is made to salute the visitor *in propria persona*. "You behold in me the once-lauded city which time has destroyed. I am become a small and uninhabited place, known only by my ruins—I, who was in former time the conqueror of the Persian, am now a prey to every roving pirate," etc. He reminds the prætor that here once stood an altar to "Compassion," and ends with a prayer to the Blessed Virgin

to become the saviour of the unhappy city. In the panegyric addressed to Isaac Angelus, after the overthrow of the rival emperor Andronicus, the archbishop laments the inability of Athens to present the victor, according to ancient custom, with a golden chaplet. But the city is penniless and in the utmost need; it is in danger of disappearing altogether, unless a powerful and generous hand shall lift it up and give it space to breathe. More than once his heart seems to fail him. He wishes to be transferred to some more congenial spot. Though resident in Athens, he can discern Athens nowhere — *οκίων 'Αθήνας οὐκ 'Αθήνας που βλέπω*. He feels that he is becoming utterly uncivilized and *ἀγροϊκός*. Yet he stands up manfully for his flock, in the teeth even of a prætor or a Megas Dux. His memorial to Alexius III. is not less remarkable for its plain-speaking than for the picture it offers of the times. "Poverty," he exclaims, "and sickness, the exactions of the tax-gatherer, the raids of the sea-robbers, are making an end of us." Ship-money is demanded, yet no ships are built to repel the pirates. The prætor comes to levy contributions, though Athens, by virtue of an old imperial decree, can claim exemption from his visitations. Sub-publicans follow in his train, not one of whom will be content with less than five hundred measures of corn or oil. Then come logoristas, protovestiarius, protoentarchos, and the like; on the pretence of public service they take away the poor man's cattle, that the owner may be compelled to redeem them over and over again. They would fain number for taxation the leaves upon our vines, the hairs upon our heads. "Save us from these men," he goes on to say, "and we will willingly pay for ships of war whatever the *κύριος 'Ιωάννης Δούκας* — the *λογοθέτης τοῦ δρόμου* (controller-general) may consider reasonable."

If the mantle of Leonidas rests for a second's space, and for the last time, upon Dexippos, a portion, however small, of the spirit of Tyrtæus seems to breathe in the poor verse and poorer prose of Michael. Something was he of a warrior too. He defended his city bravely against the pirate chief of Nauplia; he could not be expected to save her from the Latin crusader. His brother, Nicetas, describes most quaintly, with a strange mixture of inflated metaphor and genuine feeling, how Michael undertook the defence of the Acropolis against the approaching forces of the Nauplian Leon Sgueros. At first,

when Leon drew nigh the city, flushed with his easy victory over Argos and Corinth, the archbishop, who had known him of old, essayed to combat him with theological weapons, with stones of "Divine words from the shepherd's sling" and "battering rams" of spiritual reproof. "Doubtless, says Nicetas, he might have called down fire from heaven or sent hornets among the invading host; but he remembered the text, Do ye not know what spirit ye are of? and contented himself with pastoral exhortation." Nor was his eloquence quite without effect: for Leon, though "stopping his ears like the deaf adder," professed his readiness to raise the siege, if a certain *mauvais sujet* of an Athenian — an enemy of Michael as well as of himself — were handed over to his tender mercies. But Michael could not give up an Athenian and a supplicant to the pirates, even though he were a notorious ill-doer, and (words being no longer of any avail) arrayed his slingers and archers of flesh and blood along the rim of the citadel. The Lion of Nauplia dared not assail the inaccessible rock. He lingered for a day or two, to burn the lower town and lay waste the adjacent olive-groves and vineyards; then marched away to the assault of Thebes: —

*ἀποκρουσθεὶς ἀρχιποιμένος λόγους
τοῦ Χωνεΐδου Μιχαὴλ τοῦ πανσόφου
Θήβαις ἐφορμῇ ταχέως ἐπταπίλους.*

Boniface of Montferrat, and his Latins, were a different foe. For more than a century before Michael's time, Italian traders had begun to swarm in the Ægean. A bull of Alexius Comnenus, in 1098, grants the use of Athens as a port of call to the Venetians. And now in the year following the repulse of Sgueros, the storm-wave of the fourth crusade swept away the metropolitan and his Church. Poor Michael had to leave the city he adored, the "oft-sung Golden Athens," which haunted him in his dreams, but which, to say sooth, did not miss him much amidst the revived prosperity and the unwonted security to life and property which came to her under the strong rule of Boniface's lieutenant, Otto "of the Rock," and the new Latin archbishop of Pope Innocent's nomination. From his cloister at Ceos — he could not tear himself farther away — he gazes over the narrow straits, a broken and a world-weary man. Lascaris vainly invites him to Nicæa, Theodore Ducas to Epirus. The death of his gifted brother severs the last tie which binds him to life. Once

only, after twelve years' absence, he ventures stealthily to visit Athens, but only for a few hours, lest he should become "a morsel for the teeth of the Latin wolf." His cherished library has been pillaged, dispersed, and sold. Four years more and he passes quietly away in the island cloister of St. Prodromus. New times succeed and Genoese adventurers follow quickly in the wake of the Venetians, doing brisk trade with the Athenians and pilfering remorselessly their priceless marbles. "New Genoa," says a German writer of the fourteenth century, "has been built out of Athens as Venice has been out of Troy." (?) Athens becomes a Frankish dukedom, happier so perhaps than she has been at any time since the empire of the Cæsars was split in twain, and Duke of Athens becomes the common title which, ludicrously enough to modern ears, we see Shakespeare bestow upon the classic Theseus, following in this the old Italian novelists. The antiquary can now freely come and go, and note down, like Cyriacus of Ancona, the curiosities of the place, until the Moslem deluge swallows up all again for another æon. But of Athenians, properly so called, whether by birth or by adoption, we hear no more. No Greek, except Michael, sings of Athens through all the time from the setting of the sun of paganism to the noonday of the Renaissance. The solitary form of the good archbishop is the one living figure in Attic story which reminds us, even distantly, of classic Hellas, from the Gothic invasion to the war of Greek independence.

From The Argosy.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

THE three girls were going to spend a month at the seaside — Lydia, Rosa, and Julia Tafferel. Their aunt, Miss Hamlet, after keeping them in suspense for weeks — now up in the skies of hope, now down in the dust of despair — at length made up her mind, and announced her decision, — to go. "But I'm sure," she added, "I don't know what will come of it."

Charlotte Hamlet had thought fate rather cruel when, three years ago now, she heard of the death of her widowed sister, Mary Tafferel, and that the three daughters she left in the world had no protector, unless she herself became one. The girls had three hundred a year conjointly — that is, one hundred pounds

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXVI. 1864

each, and could have kept a home over their heads by living together; but they were young for that, and, Miss Hamlet suspected, somewhat giddy. She was well-off herself, and had a roomy, pleasant house. It was not on that score she shrank from the prospect; but she was rather an invalid, nervous, and loving above all things a quiet life. However, there appeared to be no help for it, and she wrote to her nieces to come. "We must all have crosses," murmured poor Miss Hamlet, "and I suppose this will become one for me; but I have been pretty free from them hitherto, and must not repine."

The girls arrived at Stagbrook, Miss Hamlet's village home. The eldest of them was twenty-three, the youngest twenty-one. They turned out to be pleasant, sociable, and chatty; full of life and spirits, eager for any gaiety that might fall in their way, and very anxious, each of the three, to pick up a husband.

"Small blame to them either," freely spoke up Mrs. O'Malley, an intimate friend of Miss Hamlet's. "What do girls expect but to marry? and sure the young men are growing scarce!"

Nearly three years had elapsed since they came to Miss Hamlet, and there had been no change, when that lady bethought herself of taking them to the seaside, and bade them prepare themselves.

To get away *anywhere* was something; but the place she had fixed upon, Brightwater, was new and untried, not a dozen houses as yet in it. A grand hotel was just built, the size of which might, perhaps, make up for the scarcity of other accommodation. It was called the Royal Victoria, and it took its guests by the week, somewhat as a boarding-house does, or after the fashion of Scarborough. Miss Hamlet had written to the Royal Victoria to make arrangements, Mrs. O'Malley, who had just returned from a fortnight's sojourn there, having praised it warmly.

"It is not exactly what I like," said Miss Hamlet to her nieces, as they sat at tea. "I have never tried the life myself, and I fear it will prove to be too familiar; but we can leave the hotel at the end of the first week for lodgings, if we choose."

"Oh, Aunt Charlotte," exclaimed Rosa, "it will seem like Paradise after this dreadful Stagbrook."

"Dreadful Stagbrook!" repeated Miss Hamlet, gazing in amazement through her spectacles. "What do you mean by that, Rosa?"

Rosa dropped her high tone. "Well, aunt, Stagbrook is dull; you must know that."

"I have never found it so, young lady, and I have lived all my life in it."

"Yes, aunt; I suppose that makes the difference. We did not think Chichester dull."

"I wish the holiday to be pleasant to you all," resumed Miss Hamlet stiffly; "and I shall take Dorothy Krane."

"Dorothy Krane!" screamed all the three girls in chorus. "Dolly Krane!"

"Yes; why not?" said Miss Hamlet. "She will be a pleasant companion for you."

"Why, Aunt Charlotte, Dolly won't have a decent thing to appear in!" exclaimed Lydia.

"She'll do very well. People are not expected to be fine at the seaside. Fancy dressing up at an hotel!"

Lydia kicked Julia under the table, and Julia kicked Rosa. The young ladies were taking every smart thing they possessed, with enough ribbons and fal-lals to fill a trunk.

"Nearly all Dolly's dresses are cotton!"

"If they are they are delicate and pretty," said Miss Hamlet. "More sugar, do you say, Julia? She has her grey silk for best; now that it's turned it looks as good as new. And Dorothy tells me —"

"Have you been to the parsonage, Aunt Charlotte?"

"Yes; walked over this morning when you three were out shopping. Three hours you were gone! I was back long before you came in. One would think you wanted something at every shop in Stagbrook."

"All the prints Dolly's got have been washed ever so many times, aunt."

"I dare say they have. They'll be just the things for the seaside. Then she has that pretty figured muslin that was new last year; and for best she has her white. Not that, as I believe, she will require to wear it. Dorothy asked me whether it had better be taken or not."

"The white has been washed too," cried Lydia. "I wonder Mr. and Mrs. Krane can spare her. How will the children get on without Dolly, Aunt Charlotte? — and the parish? — and the schools?"

"As well as they can," answered Miss Hamlet. "All work and no play is not good for anybody — least good of all for the young. Dolly needs a change more than you do, and the tears stood in Mr.

Krane's eyes when he thanked me for thinking of her. Another cup of tea, Lydia?"

The church and parsonage stood half a mile from Stagbrook. The Reverend Abel Krane was the incumbent; a hard-working, conscientious man, with a flock of children, and a small income to keep them on. Dolly was the eldest; and she had to teach and take care of the others, not to speak of the running about in the parish, which she partly did for her mother, who was as hard-worked as the rector. Mrs. Krane, formerly Dorothy Hamlet, was first cousin to Miss Charlotte Hamlet and to Mrs. Tafferel.

Brightwater was reached; and the Royal Victoria proved to be an imposing white mansion, with pillars and balconies and green blinds. Miss Hamlet found it very comfortable, and liked it better than she had thought for.

A slight accident happened to her the day after her arrival. In stepping from a carriage, for she had treated the young people to a drive, she twisted her foot. It was nothing very serious, needing only a few days' rest. So Miss Hamlet reposed on one of the sofas near the window in the ladies' drawing-room, by day, feasting her eyes on the beautiful, ever-moving sea, and conversing placidly with another invalid lady, who had come to Brightwater to recover strength after an illness, and did not seem to be able to do it quickly.

For the girls this was just delightful. Not, of course, that they could rejoice over a twisted ankle, but it was pleasant to be able to go about without the supervision of Aunt Charlotte. The hotel was not half full, but it was enjoying itself. There was a little carpet-dancing, a little flirting, and short moonlight promenades in the hotel garden and on the beach.

One drawback the Miss Tafferels did find: not a soul of the male sex, then at the hotel, could be pronounced quite eligible. Three or four very young men, who were there with their mothers and sisters, and three or four middle-aged ones, who looked grave, and no doubt had wives at home, comprised the list. But the three sisters got a great deal of admiration; they were tall, stylish, and showy, with rather Spanish-looking faces, sparkling dark eyes, and blue-black hair. Their manners in society were perfect; their repartees delightful. "Three charming girls!" declared young Mr. Pender a dozen times a day, or as often as he could

get away from his tutor. "Never saw such beauties!"

Dolly Krane was nowhere beside them: eclipsed as a pale star by the brilliant moon. She was pretty in her way, but of style she had none. She only about came up to Miss Lydia's shoulder; a slender girl, retiring in manner, shrinking from strangers, rather than courting them. Not but that her face was a very pleasant one: fair, gentle, with earnest blue eyes, ever-smiling and chiselled features; her fine, silky hair had a gold tinge on it. Dolly was kept down by her imperious cousins; imperious to *her*; and remained in her place accordingly. She was accustomed to think of them as rich and fortunate young ladies, quite above herself. A sweet nature, a sunny temper, utterly unselfish, and ever ready to help all the world: such was Dolly Krane.

Three or four days after the ankle was injured, Miss Hamlet was able to use it again without much trouble, and she went in that evening, leaning upon Lydia's arm, to join the dinner in the public room.

"Dolly," cried the young lady in a tone of command, "you had better change your place for this one next to Aunt Charlotte. And then you will be at hand, you know, to help her to anything she may want."

Now, by a skilful arrangement of the mistress of the ceremonies, the elder people were placed together at the head of the table, and the younger ones at the foot; she had been young herself twenty years ago and knew what was what. And perhaps a sort of disappointment crossed Dolly's heart at being called away from the lively company of her own age, to sit with the sober elders. The feeling passed in a moment. Dolly had only lived to serve others, not to indulge herself, and she sat down by Miss Hamlet with a loving smile and cheerful brow.

"Let it be your place for good, Dolly," said Lydia, as she moved away to her own.

"Now I dare say, my dear, you would rather have stayed down there," said Miss Hamlet.

"Indeed I am glad to be with you, Aunt Charlotte," replied Dolly—for she had always called Miss Hamlet "aunt."

"Please let me stay."

But by that wonderful law of compensation said to exist in this world, while Dolly was taking her soup, there glided quietly into the vacant seat beside her a tall, handsome, distinguished-looking man, whose face Dolly liked at the first glance;

took a fancy to, in fact. It was a very attractive face, its features pale and regular, eyes, hair, and whiskers of a dark brown, and a slight brown moustache.

Dolly passed him the salt. He thanked her, and that broke the ice. He began to talk to her, talked with her throughout dinner, and spoke a little across Dolly to Miss Hamlet. His English was very good indeed—a slightly foreign accent being distinguishable at times; and now and then he hesitated for a word. Once he used a wrong word, and Dolly laughed.

"What is it, mademoiselle?" he asked, laughing also. "What ought I to have said?"

Dolly told him. Though a retiring, modest girl, of innate refinement, she had none of the foolish shyness that some young girls have when conversing with strange gentlemen, and that some affect to have. And—she did not know how it was—but she felt as much at home with him as though she had known him for ten years. He could not be mistaken for anything but a gentleman, and he was certainly a very attractive one.

The Miss Tafferels, looking on from the other end of the table, turned green with envy. Miss Lydia wished she had taken the seat by her aunt, instead of giving it to Dolly. "I wonder who he is?" thought she. "I suppose he came in by the five o'clock train." And when the company left the dining-room, Lydia ran to get a sly peep at the visitors' book.

"The Baron de Fierreville."

"A baron! A real, live baron! French, of course!" Lydia Tafferel made a rush to her sisters, her cheeks glowing with excitement. There would be somebody worth dressing for now.

And from that evening the three young girls dressed in all their best. Feathers and flounces wonderful to behold, silks and ribbons and laces; and, though some people might have deemed them a little overdressed, they looked very well.

The Baron de Fierreville did not appear in the drawing-rooms that first evening; but the young ladies made his acquaintance the following morning. It was a very hot day; they and Dolly were sitting on the beach under an awning, when he came strolling along with young Mr. Pender.

"Oh, there are those charming girls!" cried the young man. "Do let us join them!"

"You must present me, then," said the baron.

Accordingly young Mr. Pender pre-

sented him—"The Baron de Fierreville." The three young ladies made each an elaborate curtsy: Dolly blushed and smiled.

But fate was not kind to young Mr. Pender. It came in the shape of his envious tutor to call him away. A grim tutor, who would not always be put down. So the young gentleman was borne off, and the baron was left alone with the ladies. He sat down by Rosa, and they began to talk to him—all three of them, their questions tumbling out one upon another. There was no room for Dolly to put in a word, even had she wished to.

"How do you like Brightwater, baron?"

"Don't you find the bathing excellent?"

"Why did you not come in to join the little dance last evening?"

"Do you like English girls?"

"How long do you think of staying?"

"I suppose you don't know all the people here yet? Those Miss Fitzroys are very nice. They had on blue net at dinner yesterday; perhaps you noticed them. Their father is Sir John Fitzroy, a half-pay colonel or admiral, or something: that old gentleman with a long white beard and a bald head."

"How very well you speak English, baron! Did you come to England to learn it?"

"Are you a good sailor? I am a dreadful one."

"Do you like cruising about in a yacht?"

"Were you ever at Brighton?"

"In what part of France do you live?"

These and a hundred other queries the young ladies poured out. Dolly felt uncomfortable and blushed frequently. She could not have put such questions for the world; did not know how her cousins liked to do it. The baron laughed and answered freely—as freely as the torrent of words permitted.

He had landed yesterday from a friend's yacht; had come over in her from Dieppe; his friend, Captain Close, after landing him, had put off again, was going further up the coast; he did not see, as yet, much to like in Brightwater, but believed he did like English girls; had noticed the young ladies in blue and thought them pretty; had sat outside in the moonlight last night smoking a cigar and talking with the young fellow's tutor, who had just left them; found him a most intellectual man; and so stayed there instead of going in to dance; his home was in

Normandy, but for the past year he had been much away from it, travelling.

The girls listened eagerly to this, the substance of his answers. Lydia would have much liked to ask him how old he was, and whether he was a poor man or a rich one; but that would have been going a little too far, even for her.

"You have not told us, baron," she said, "how you learned to speak English so correctly. You have scarcely any accent at all. Did you learn it in England?"

"No, I learned it at home: my mother was English," he answered. "She brought an English maid with her when she first came to our country, and when I was born the maid became my nurse. She is with us still—poor old Hannah!"

"At home, with your mother, do you mean?"

"Ah, no," he replied, a sadness creeping into his tone. "My mother is dead; nobody is in the old place now—save the servants. When I am at home now I am alone."

The young ladies noticed that he was in slight mourning, and concluded that he wore it for his mother. The conversation was becoming eminently satisfactory, for was not this an explicit avowal that the baron was a bachelor? Lydia's lips had been twitching to ask whether he was or not, but it was perhaps too home a question and might have been misconstrued; and now it was answered without asking! How lucky! When men get to be thirty years of age—and he looked to be as much as that—one could never be at any certainty.

"Your father, I gather, is also dead, then, baron?" she began again.

"He died many years ago."

The baron got up and stepped away; perhaps he was tired of being asked questions; took a small telescope from his pocket, and stood looking at the sea. Presently he put it up again, turned back to the bench, and sat down at the other end; which brought him next to Dolly. She was knitting a sock, and he began talking to her about it.

"For a little brother or sister, perhaps, mademoiselle?"

"Yes," said Dolly, her blue eyes brightening with the success of the guess, as she raised them to his. "I knit all the socks for two or three of the little ones. It is cheaper than buying, and they last longer."

"You have two or three brothers, then—or sisters, are they?"

"I have ever so many," laughed Dolly.

"Four brothers, and four sisters; we are nine in all."

"Are you the eldest of them?"

"Yes, the very oldest. The four boys come after me, and then the little girls. Mamma often says she is thankful that I came before the boys."

"But why?"

"Oh, because I can help her; I can do so much for them all. A boy could not have done anything."

"So you are a very industrious young lady!"

"I have to be," said Dolly simply.

"And, oh, you don't know — you can't guess — how delightful it is to have a holiday, and to be at the seaside. I never saw the sea before; and now I wish I could always see it."

Dolly spoke out in her enthusiasm. Her eyes were bent on her knitting; she was thinking of home. The baron's eyes were bent on her; and the other girls saw it.

"You had better go in now, Dolly," said Miss Lydia. "Aunt Charlotte may be wanting you." And Dolly took up her ball of wool, and went slowly off, knitting as she went.

"She is not your sister, is she, that young lady?" asked the baron.

"Oh dear, no!" they all screamed at once, wondering at the little discernment of men, even of real French barons. They displayed an elaborate toilette in all the fashion of the day; Dolly had nothing on but a pink gingham, already washed to paleness. Their head-gear was bristling with feathers and steel bugles and cockatoo tufts; Dolly's straw hat had a bit of ribbon twisted round it. "Our sister! My dear baron! how could you! She is only Dorothy Krane, a very distant cousin."

"Dorothy Krane," repeated the baron. "Krane?"

"Yes, rather an odd name, is it not? — spelt with a K. We call her Dolly."

When Miss Hamlet heard that the newly arrived guest was a French baron she felt doubtful. "I think," she observed to her nieces, "that you had better not cultivate any acquaintance with him. He was very pleasant and affable last night at the dinner table; but it is well to hold foreigners at a distance."

"Good gracious, aunt!" exclaimed the young ladies. "Why, we have been talking to him out there all the morning!" For this conversation occurred on this same day when they came in at luncheon time.

"Especially foreign noblemen," went on Miss Hamlet; "barons and counts, and such like. It happens sometimes that the titles are only put on, and that those who assume them are but adventurers. I have heard tell of such things."

"Now, Aunt Charlotte! *can* you suppose such a thing of this one? His very looks, his manners might tell you he is a perfect gentleman."

"Some years ago, Lydia, a foreigner came to Stagbrook, and took the best rooms in the place. I forget his name; in fact, none of us ever quite got at its true pronunciation; it sounded like Crassaco, and that is what we called it — the Count de Crassaco. He seemed to be a gentleman, also perfect, as you phrase it, with black moustachios that curled upwards, and a lisp. He stayed three months in the place, the young villain, making love to all the girls, and winning their brothers' money at pool, and cards, and billiards; and he ran away at last without paying for his rooms, or for any of the provisions that had been furnished by the tradespeople. Now that's true, girls; and I have suspected titled foreigners ever since."

The girls laughed. "Did he make love to you, Aunt Charlotte?"

"No, I was too old for him, I expect," said Aunt Charlotte good-humoredly. "I was between thirty and forty then: it must be fifteen years ago. But that is all true, I say. I would have you bear it in mind, and not allow this Baron de Feverel to drift into any intimacy with you."

"De Fierreville, aunt; not Feverel."

"It comes to the same. For the matter of that, it may not be his name at all. Just recollect one thing, my dears, that he is here without any introduction — any friend to answer for him or countenance him."

"He landed from Captain Close's yacht, he told us," remarked Rosa.

"Just so," said the elder lady; "but Captain Close — if there is such a person — did not stay to confirm this, or his yacht either. He may have landed from the excursion steamer; one touched here yesterday afternoon, you know; and not from any yacht at all. What are you looking so serious about, Dolly?"

"I was only thinking, Aunt Charlotte, that he *is* what he seems — what he says," replied Dolly. "He has a truthful face and voice; I don't think he *could* be deceitful. And I was also trying to recollect where I have heard the name — De Fierreville. When young Mr. Pender

mentioned it this morning, it struck me as being somehow not quite strange to me."

"Anyway, I desire that you will all be upon your guard," concluded Aunt Charlotte.

To which advice the Miss Tafferels took care not to listen. "Dolly's right in that. You can't doubt him," they said to one another. "If a prince came down here, aunt, in her old-fashioned notions, would tell us not to dance with him!"

And henceforth the three Miss Tafferels took the baron under their especial charge. Other young ladies staying at the hotel could hardly get near him. They sat by him at dinner, Dolly being displaced—Lydia to-day, Rosa to-morrow, Julia the next day. They surrounded him in the day-time; they talked to him under the light of the moon. Twice over they got him to take them for a sail. One thing they did not yet succeed in—getting him to dance. When the quadrilles and waltzes were going on at night, the baron would be out of doors with that objectionable tutor, who was over middle age and wore spectacles. The Miss Tafferels did not like the learned man at all. What right had musty old scholars to be at a gay watering-place?

Another who did not much frequent the dancing-room was Dolly; but this was no fault of hers. Miss Hamlet disapproved of indiscriminate dancing, as she did of indiscriminate flirting; and Dolly was only allowed to sit by and look on. "Your papa would not approve of it, any more than I do, my dear," said Miss Hamlet, evening by evening, to Dolly.

The baron accepted the patronage of the Miss Tafferels calmly, giving as much attention to one sister as to another. Being the Baron de Fierreville (unless Miss Hamlet's doubts were true), and a very good-looking and agreeable man, the chances were that he was no stranger to the homage of young ladies.

Thus a week wore on. Miss Hamlet, finding her nieces did *not* keep the baron at a respectful distance, in spite of her advice, washed her hands of them for giddy, silly girls, and rather hoped that some fine morning, upon getting up, it would be found that the baron had disappeared during the night, as well as the hotel forks and spoons. It would teach them what foreigners were worth.

"You, Dolly, will at any rate obey me," Miss Hamlet said, "and keep yourself out of the way of that Frenchman." But Dolly had no need of the injunction.

She felt so ashamed of the way her relatives set upon him, that she never willingly went within range of his sight, putting aside the fact that the Miss Tafferels took care she should not go.

Some days went on. One morning, when the sun was pouring down on the beach, the three girls stood there, hoping for the presence of the baron. Presently he loomed into view, side by side with that silent, uninteresting, spectacled tutor.

"Is it not hot, baron?" exclaimed Lydia.

"Very," replied the baron. "It will be broiling by-and-by."

"But you say you don't care for the heat, you know," put in Rosa. "You say you like it."

"I like hot weather; it is nearly sure to be sunny weather. Sometimes it is too hot for me. We now and then get quite tropical heat here, just a few days of it; not every summer, though."

"We had some of it last year, I remember," said Julia. "It was in June."

"I remember it, too," he slowly replied, his eyes taking a thoughtful look over the sea. "We were in Switzerland. It was hot; we could hardly bear it."

"You say 'we,' baron," commented Miss Lydia. "Are you speaking of your mother?"

"Oh, no. Of my wife."

"Your—wife?" repeated Lydia, in a kind of choking tone. "Did you say your *wife*?"

"Yes," he answered, turning to her. "My poor mother died long before that."

Now I will leave the intelligent reader to judge of the effect this avowal had on the baron's fair hearers. He went strolling farther down the beach with the tutor, and the three young ladies made their comments.

"What a *shameful* thing!"

"To be staying here under *false* pretences!"

"Aunt Charlotte is right. These foreigners are nearly all of them *pretenders*."

"He has come cruising off in that yacht from Dieppe to amuse himself, leaving his poor wife to the solitude of the château! And he flirts here and flirts there, never giving the smallest hint that he is a married man—*suppressing* it, in fact. Oh, it is infamous!"

"Stay a moment, Lydia. Don't you remember he said one day he was alone at home; that the château contained only two or three old servants?"

"It is all of a piece," retorted Lydia. "He is starrng it here under false colors. And if his wife is not left to the home solitude, she is starrng it somewhere upon her own account, take my word for that. Small blame to her, as Mrs. O'Malley says. Serves him right! Well, I do hate and despise deliberate deceit! A special pillory ought to be invented for it."

The young ladies went indoors. In a tacit sort of way they united to hide their mortification, and to say nothing of the discovery. Let some of the other girls get taken in! As if to reward their magnanimity, a troop of fresh male guests arrived that day at the hotel, two of them looking particularly eligible; so the baron was left in peace by the Miss Tafferels.

The following morning, when they had gone for a drive with their aunt, Dolly took her knitting and sat down under the awning on the beach. It was a lovely day, not quite so hot as yesterday; the sun shone on the sands, but it was tempered by a breeze that blew over the sea. Children were playing about, young men and women strolled by the rocks, picking up shells and seaweed. Out at sea, a few white sails glittered in the sun; a distant steamer passed smoothly along, seeming to touch the horizon. A dainty yacht was making towards the little landing-place; some fishing-smacks were putting out. It was a charming picture of life at the seashore; a life which is healthy because it is pleasant, and pleasant in that it is lazy.

"Oh, how delightful it is!" breathed Dolly aloud, when she had gazed long at the scene. "If I could but see it always! If we did but live near the sea!"

"Sometimes the sea is gloomy and rough," said a voice at her elbow. "How would you like it then, Miss Krane?"

He came into view from behind the awning, and sat down, the Baron de Fierreville, startling Dolly. She had seen him go off by an omnibus after breakfast, and did not know he was back again.

"I think I should like it always," she answered, with deprecation. "Rough or smooth, the sea must be always beautiful. We cannot have fair weather every day, and must take the bad with the good."

"Ay; that's philosophy. How is it that you have run away from me of late?"

Dolly blushed to the tips of her busy fingers. "I have a good deal to do for Aunt Hamlet; she wants me to read to her, and to give her my arm when she walks," answered Dolly.

"Where are your cousins this morning?"

"They are gone out for a drive with my aunt."

"Was there not room for you?"

"Not any," said Dolly. "I should have made five. It would have crushed their new cambric dresses."

Dolly's dress this morning was a simple cotton with pretty blue sprigs upon it. The baron sat in silence for a few moments looking at her, so unpretending, so fresh and fair, with her clear, pleasant face shaded by its beautiful hair.

"Do you like your cousins?" he asked.

"Oh, very much. They are truly kind, and they give me a great many things. Did you notice—but of course you did not. How foolish I am!"

"Now please tell me what you were going to say, Miss Krane. Did I notice what?"

Dolly blushed again. "You must forgive me; I spoke without thought. It was only whether you happened to notice a new silk dress I came down to dinner in yesterday. Julia gave it me. It was hers, and she said I might alter it for myself, for people must be tired of seeing me in the grey. Oh, they are very kind, very nice; you would like them better and better the more you knew of them."

"They are rich, I suppose?"

"Well, yes: rich, at least, as compared with me. Aunt Charlotte says they are giddy and talk too much," added Dolly, hoping to offer an excuse for the young ladies' behavior to her hearer. "But they will remedy that, you know, as they get older."

The baron laughed. "You young ladies don't put old heads on your shoulders yet awhile, do you, Miss Krane? Why, I suppose you are not more than nineteen?"

Dolly looked up in surprise. "I am twenty-two."

He suppressed a smile.

"Is your father a clergyman?" he asked after a pause.

"Yes. He is the rector of Stagbrook."

"The Reverend Abel Krane?"

"Yes," repeated Dolly, wondering.

"I thought it might be so; the name, Krane, is not a very common one, you see. I believe I know him. Rather more than a year ago he was doing duty in Switzerland. I was staying there, and made acquaintance with him."

"It is quite true!" said Dolly, her face beaming with delight. "Papa had nearly broken down with the home work, and

somebody kindly got him a chaplaincy abroad for a month, and he went there with mamma. And I am sure now that I have heard him mention you. I thought the name was familiar to my ears. How glad I am!"

Dolly could not have defined why she was glad: partly, perhaps, at meeting some one who knew her father; partly at the conviction this brought her that Miss Hamlet's doubts were without foundation, that the baron was what he appeared to be.

"And now you will no longer be afraid of me, or look upon me as a five-tailed bashaw," quoth he, smiling.

Dolly blushed hotly. "Did you see much of papa?—did you like him?"

"I liked him, indeed; but I did not see much of him. I was at the place but a week or ten days."

"Halloa, De Fierreville! Won't you come for a sail? It's a glorious day for it."

The interruption was made by some of the gentlemen staying at the hotel. The baron rose, said good-morning to Dolly, and went to them.

Dolly found herself quite at liberty now to stroll out when she would, and to talk to the baron, if he chose to talk to her; her cousins no longer interfered to prevent it. Very often indeed, when she was sitting on the beach, or under the rocks, or strolling on the sands to pick up shells for the young ones at home, did he join her; and somehow Dolly grew to love the meetings.

One evening at sunset a yacht put in. Its owner, Captain Close, came to the hotel and found his friend the baron. After dinner, when Miss Hamlet was sitting out of doors in the soft twilight, a fleecy white shawl on her shoulders, Captain Close, throwing away the end of his cigar, chanced to sit down in the next chair.

"You are not with the dancers, sir," said Miss Hamlet, wishing to be sociable.

"Not to-night, ma'am. The young ladies might hardly care to dance with a man in a rough pilot jacket. I only came up to find De Fierreville, and did not put myself shipshape."

All in a moment it struck Miss Hamlet that she could not do better than question this sailor, with the frank speech and honest, weather-beaten face, about the baron. And she did so.

"Is he what he passes for, would you ask?" repeated Captain Close, in much

surprise, when he had listened. "He is George, Baron de Fierreville just as surely as that I am Richard Close, commander in her Majesty's navy—for I am not captain yet, worse luck, though people give me the title on shore. Why, what else did you take him for, ma'am?"

Miss Hamlet made a few apologies, explaining a little that cautious people did not, as a rule, put absolute trust in barons and counts, when they were unknown; that such gentlemen lived by their wits; and she wound up by asking whether the baron in question was poor.

"That's as may be; people's notions on riches differ, you must know, ma'am," said the sailor. "The Fierreville estates bring in two thousand pounds clear yearly; and that's an uncommon good income for France, though it might not be thought much of here at home. Added to that, there was a great deal of money that had accumulated between the late baron's death and this one's coming of age, which is placed, as I chance to know, in good securities. Oh, yes, he is well off; wish I had half as much."

"You appear to know him well, sir."

"I do ma'am; have known him ever since he was in petticoats. There was some distant relationship between my people and his late mother, who was a Close before she married; though I'll be shot if I know what it was; and I've often stayed at Château Fierreville. It's a fine place."

All this was genuine truth; and Miss Hamlet, wishing to be just, informed her three nieces, before going to bed, that she found she had misjudged the baron, who was a real baron and not an adventurer.

The young ladies threw their heads into the air. "All the same," they said to one another, "he is doing Brightwater under abominably false colors."

Early the next morning Captain Close's yacht went out, carrying the baron with it. And he had never condescended to take leave of anybody! "Just the manners that might be expected of him!" exclaimed Lydia.

Dolly was pacing the terrace in the twilight, feeling very down at heart, for which she could not at all account, the others being in the dancing-room, when she saw the baron approach from the beach. At first she was not sure but it might be his ghost; and what with that, or something else, every pulse she possessed began to beat at fever-heat.

"I thought you had left," she said timidly.

"Surely not! We have been out for a day's sail. Close wants to carry me off to-morrow for good," he added, "but I tell him I am not ready."

Dolly looked up at the stars, just making their appearance in the sky. She had nothing to say in answer. He had turned to walk by her side.

"How much longer will your party be staying here, do you suppose, Miss Krane?"

"Only two or three days," sighed Dolly. "We have been here nearly four weeks."

"Shall you be sorry to leave?"

"Oh, very. For some things," added Dolly quickly — "the sea, and the holiday life. But I shall be very glad to go home again. I cannot think what my mother has done without me."

"What will she do without you — later?"

"Later!" echoed Dolly, not understanding.

"When you marry."

Hot blushes dyed her cheeks. "That will never be," she answered, when she could speak quietly. "I am not likely to marry."

"Do you think not? Why?"

"I do not suppose anybody will ask me."

"But why not, Miss Dolly? Come, please tell me."

"For one thing, there is not anybody in Stagbrook who would be in the least likely to — I can't remember one — not that I have thought about it — or — at all suitable," stammered Dolly, obedient, as usual, but wishing he would not say things to confuse her. "And for another thing —" She came to a standstill.

"Well, what is the other thing?"

"I mean that I have not any money: not any at all. You must pardon me for saying these things. I don't care to speak of them — if you will please not to question me."

He laughed a little. "How would you like to live in France?" he asked. "In a large and pleasant house not far from the sea — which can be seen from its windows."

The tone he spoke in was very peculiar — curiously tender; and Dolly blushed hotly.

"I — I must go in," she said. "Aunt Charlotte will be angry with me."

But the baron did not let her go. He caught her hand as she was turning, and stood holding it in his.

"Why do you want to run away from me, Miss Dolly? Do you know that I

left Close and the yacht on purpose to come to *you*? Let me tell you a little about this house in France."

Four or five young men loomed on the terrace, smoking their cigars. Seeing the baron, they called to him, and Dolly escaped indoors.

"Come back, has he?" commented Miss Lydia Tafferel. "He might have stayed away, for all the ornament he is here, or the good he does us."

"My dear, don't be severe," reproved Aunt Charlotte. "At one time you seemed, all three of you, to think the baron was an angel, if I may apply the word to a young man. Latterly you have been almost rude to him."

"Well, aunt, and with cause. Here he came, flourishing amidst us, never saying who he was or what he was; passing himself off for a bachelor —"

"Stay a moment, Lydia. You talk too fast. How did he 'pass himself off' for a bachelor? I suppose you mean that you girls took up the notion that he was one?"

"Anyway, he did not say he was a married man," fired Lydia. "He ought to have let it be known that he was. It was a piece of audacious deceit."

"Is he married?"

"He is. He began talking to us the other day about his wife."

"And pray, my dears, what possible difference can it make to you whether he is married or not?" demanded Aunt Charlotte, looking at them over her spectacles. "You would not, not any one of you, think of a French baron for yourselves, I expect — not even you, Lydia."

"Of course not!" retorted Lydia, with emphasis. "You don't understand things, Aunt Charlotte. The world is becoming too much advanced for you."

"I think its young people are," retorted Aunt Charlotte; and she said no more. But Dolly, listening to this from a distant corner, turned as white as a sheet. Her dream was over.

So that she was not very much pleased when she saw the baron coming towards her the following afternoon. Dolly had her full share of good sense, as of proper pride, and she knew that the Baron de Fierreville, a married man, had not spoken to her like a gentleman the previous evening on the terrace; no, nor at one or two other times. Miss Hamlet and the girls were gone for a drive again. Dolly did not often get a chance of going; and she took the zigzag, circuitous path to a seat in the middle of the rocks — a soli-

tary place, rarely invaded by the visitors. But the baron must have watched her, for presently she saw him climbing up perpendicularly. Fright put other things out of her head.

"Oh, pray, pray do not try to come up that way!" she cried out in an agony, expecting every moment to see him fall backwards. "Oh, why will you do it?"

But he gained the ledge and the seat without mishap. There were rocks near his own home, and he had climbed them from a child.

"Did you fear for me?" he asked in a low, sweet tone.

Dolly was very pale. "I thought it a hazardous thing to do," she answered. "I think it still."

"But I wanted to come to you. I want to tell you about my home in France — we were interrupted by those men last night. Do you think you should feel altogether unhappy if I asked you to come and live in it with me, Miss Dolly?"

Dolly put her work into its little basket, and rose from her seat to depart. "Baron de Fierreville," she stayed to say, her very lips becoming whiter, "will you allow me to ask what your wife would think of this, could she hear you?"

"But she can't hear me," said the baron, staring.

Dolly burst into tears of agitation. "Be so good as to let me pass, sir. I took you for a gentleman; I did, indeed; and you told me you knew and esteemed my father!"

"But what do you mean?" he asked, in astonishment. "How have I offended you?"

"It has been all very bad — on your part," retorted Dolly, in trembling accents. "To excuse yourself by saying to my face that your wife cannot hear you is worst of all."

"Why, how can she hear?" persisted the baron. "The Roman Catholics believe that the saints and angels hear our prayers: I am not sure but we Protestants do. If my poor wife could hear every word I have ever said to you, she would rejoice rather than be sad. Nearly the last words she breathed to me contained a hope that I should find another wife to love me as she had loved."

It was now Dolly's turn to stare, as she took in what this implied. "Is your wife dead?" she faltered.

"She will have been dead a year on the thirtieth of this month," said the baron. "Did you not know she was dead?"

"No," gasped Dolly, "I heard last

night that she was living. Please forgive me for showing anger."

He drew her back to the seat beside him, put his arm round her waist, perhaps by way of support, and let her have her cry out.

"Your father and mother could have told you, my dear, that when they saw my wife with me in Switzerland she was nearly in the last stage of consumption. All hope of recovery was then over. And, Dolly, I feel sure they like me; I think they will not mind your coming home to the château."

For the first time that evening the baron appeared in the dancing-room. He approached Dolly sitting nearly behind the window-curtain. "You will give me a dance," he whispered.

"I do not know what Aunt Charlotte would say," breathed Dolly in answer.

"I will make peace with Aunt Charlotte. Come! Why," laughing, as she still hesitated, "a short while, and you will have to obey me of right. Remember that, my darling."

Nobody could believe their eyes. The baron in the room at last, treading a measure with Dolly Krane! With Dolly Krane, of all people! The measure was a waltz, and Dolly's pretty white skirts, for she had put on her best robe that evening, floated about her as she moved round in the baron's arms, and her eyes were cast down timidly, and her face was blushing.

Miss Hamlet had never been so much surprised in all her life as she was that evening, when, being alone in the little card-room, she found the Baron de Fierreville, bowing deeply before her, *à la mode Française*, telling her that Dolly had promised to be his wife; and that when she, Miss Hamlet, left Brightwater with the young ladies the next day but one, he should beg permission to accompany them on his way to Stagbrook rectory, to explain matters to the Reverend Mr. Krane and his wife, and to ask them to part with Dolly.

"A French baron!" gasped Miss Hamlet to her nieces, when they got into the privacy of her own room. "Oh dear! I said I did not know what would come of it."

The young ladies turned all manner of colors, and made their comments on the baron with characteristic freedom.

"Not married!" they shrieked in chorus. "A widower! His wife been dead a year! — why, then, did he lead people

to suppose she was *not* dead? — to speak of her, as he once did to us, as *living*? Oh, what a wicked man! — an accomplished deceiver! We wish you joy of your prize, Dorothy Krane!"

From St. James's Gazette.
SPANISH PROVERBS.

THE proverbs of Spain have an interest and a value surpassing those of any other country. They are in a purer sense the embodiment of the national character than the proverbs of any other people. In them are preserved, not only the wisdom and philosophy of the vulgar, but the popular thoughts, feelings, and aspirations. They are relics of history; the record of manners and customs; the mirror of a life which, by the close interweaving of the Oriental with the Western spirit, was more picturesque than that of any other nation. In their proverbs the Spaniards speak to us from the past with a voice which for centuries was the only free expression of the popular humor. Their language is one which lends itself most easily to proverbs, and both in their speech and their literature proverbs abound in a singular degree. Both high and low use them as the garnish of discourse, and by this constant use they have arrived at a dignity which no amount of familiarity seems to deaden. Every student of Spanish literature knows the part they play in the classic prose, in the drama, and in the poetry *de arte menor*. They are as old as the language itself; and in them, according to Spanish critics, is to be found embedded the best Castilian. Every one knows with what skill they are used by Cervantes in enriching the humor of Sancho Panza, from whose mouth they drop in strings, tumbling over one another in the struggle to get out, as he says in his own excuse. Don Quixote, even in the act of reproving his squire for this habit, is unable to refrain from proverbs himself.

The Spanish proverbs are not only more numerous but more varied than those to be found in any other European language. The earliest complete collection is that which was formed by Hernan Núñez de Guzman, called the Greek Commentator, and first published in 1555, with an apologetic preface by the editor, Leo de Castro, who deemed this a trivial composition for so great a scholar. Núñez got together in this book some six thou-

sand proverbs, including, however, some in French and in Portuguese. Several collections have since appeared, the latest being by Juan Sbarbi, in ten volumes duodecimo. Ticknor speaks of Yriarte having collected, about the middle of the eighteenth century, no fewer than twenty-four thousand; and this total is said to have been surpassed by one Gonzalo Correa, who flourished after Yriarte. Although many of these are repetitions of one another, or variations on the same theme, it is probable, considering the vast number of sayings which have never found their way beyond the locality in which they were begotten, that the highest of the figures we have quoted does not give an excessive estimate of the number of proverbs extant in the Spanish tongue. Many of these, of course, are not proverbs in the pure and more restricted sense — that is, maxims drawn from experience for moral guidance. Most of them have their counterparts or equivalents in the proverbs of other countries. Spanish proverbs have been divided into three classes — *proverbios*, or proverbs proper, which teach some moral lessons; *adagios*, which are simply old and pithy sayings, records of experience, which are not necessarily moral or wise; and *refranes*, which may include either of the other two, but must, as the name implies, contain a lilt or rhyme, either consonant or assonant. The last are those which are peculiar to Spain, in which the genius of the people delights. "From being couched in short, Hudibrastic doggrel," as Ford says, "they are easily remembered, and fall like sparks on the prepared mine of the hearers' memories." They are to Spanish speech, says the same competent and sympathetic authority, what the *ajo* or garlic is to the Spanish stew, the essential, peculiar, and national flavor. Of the proverbs of the common sort — namely, such as belong to all languages — is "Mas vale un pajarito á la mano que buitre volando" ("A bird in the hand is worth more than a vulture flying"). A *refran* proper which is purely Spanish in form and substance, and one of the oldest on record, is, "Alla van leyes do quieren reyes" ("There the laws go where the kings show"). This has a history going back as far as the reign of Alfonso VI., in the earlier half of the twelfth century. To decide the controversy between the Roman and the Mozarabic rituals (the former favored by the priesthood, the latter by the people), the king ordered a copy of each to be thrown

into a fire, promising to abide by the one which came out unconsumed. The Gothic survived the ordeal; but Alfonso, who was secretly inclined to prefer its rival, threw it back into the flames. Then arose, according to the tradition, the saying which doubtless many centuries of experience of kings and laws have tended to perpetuate in the mouths of the Spanish people. There are many other proverbs which point with a peculiar significance to the relation of the kings to the people in the old days. "A todo ley viva nuestro rey" ("With every law, long live the king!") was doubtless a sarcasm, in the same sense as that in the older refrain. "A rey muerto rey puesto" ("A king made for a king dead"), seems to breathe of despair at any change in the regal system. "Debajo de mi manto al rey me mato" ("Under my mantle the king I kill") tells its own tale of limited freedom. "Mas vale migaja de rey que merced de señor" ("Better is a crumb from the king than the great man's favor") also speaks of the time when kings were all-powerful. The proverbs at the expense of the Church and of Rome are many, and full of a bitterness which expresses rather the sentiment of the past than of the present; for the Spaniard before the age of Ferdinand and Isabella was of all Catholics the most independent. "A Roma para todo" ("To Rome for everything") may be taken to imply the popular disgust at the pretensions of the Italian city. "Camino de Roma, ni mula coja ni bolsa floja" ("The road to Rome, neither a lame mule nor a slender purse") expresses what was the common opinion of the aids necessary to success in a papal reference. Priests and monks were too common and too much privileged in Spain not to be the frequent subjects of the only free speech which the Inquisition could not stop. "Ni frayle por amigo, ni clerigo por vecino" ("Neither friar for thy friend, nor priest for thy neighbor") is one of the oldest and most familiar of sarcasms at the cloth. "Ni frayle en bodas, ni perro entre las ollas" ("Neither friar at the wedding nor dog among the *ollas*") is doubtless the record of a bitter experience. "El abad y el gorrión dos males aves son" ("The abbot and the sparrow are two ill birds") has much significance. Neither of nuns do the proverbs have any better opinion, though it is expressed in language too highly flavored to bear repetition. Towards women at large, indeed, the public voice in the peninsula was extremely

severe, and it is painful to have to note what their fathers and brothers tell of their old experience. "Dos hijas con su madre son tres diablos para el padre" ("Two daughters with their mother are three devils for the father") reaches the top and crown of misogyny. "La muger y la pera, la que calla" ("The woman and the pear, [take] the one that is silent" — *i.e.*, the pear that gives noiselessly to the teeth) is a phrase repeated in many variations, of which perhaps the most picturesque is, "Mula que hace hin-hin, muger que sabe Latin, nunca hiciera buen fin" ("The mule that whinnies, the woman that knows Latin [*i.e.*, has learning] never made a good end"). "Niñas y viñas son mal á guardar" ("Girls and vines are bad to guard") speaks of ages of anxiety in respect to these two chief objects of care in a semi-Oriental, wine-growing country. "Bendita sea la puerta por do sale la hija muerta" ("Blessed be the gate whence the dead daughter goes out") is a ruder form of the same feeling. "Casa el hijo cuando quisiere y la hija cuando pudiere" ("Marry the son when you will and the daughter when you can") is a sentiment more forcibly if less tersely expressed in "El hijo de tu vecino, quitale el moco y casale con tu hija" ("Wipe thy neighbor's son's nose, and marry him to thy daughter"). To the sex at large the allusions are uncomplimentary. "De la mar la sal, de la muger mucho mal" ("From the sea salt, from the woman much ill") is even surpassed in lack of gallantry by the more sweeping "De la mala te guarda, de la buena no fies nada" ("Of the bad woman beware, in the good trust ne'er"). A shrewd saying is another, despite of its unkindness: "El consejo de la muger es poco, y el que no toma es loco" ("Woman's advice is but little, and he who takes it not is a fool"). The sum of all the experience in this matter of Spaniards, if their proverbs are to be believed, is contained in the oracular sentence, "En la vida de muger tres salidas ha de hacer" ("In woman's life three journeys have to be made" — *i.e.*, three only are necessary: to baptism, to marriage, and to burial).

The Spanish proverbs and proverbial sayings on the general affairs of the world and human conduct are distinguished from those of other countries by that greater pithiness and picturesqueness of expression which we might expect to be born of their long pent-up freedom of speech, their comparative isolation from the rest of Europe, their contest and con-

nection with the Moors, and the peculiarities of their simple and quasi-Oriental mode of life. Such an expression as to ride "with the beard on the shoulders" could only have taken its rise in a country where the rider had to go warily along the road. "Mas vale un salto de mata que ruego de hombres buenos" ("Better is a leap over the hedge than the prayer of good men") indicates the same insecurity of the highways. "A Moro muerto gran lanzada" ("At the dead Moor a big lance-thrust"), in rebuke of tardy valor, could only have sprung in Spain. The national characteristics of frugality, reserve, suspiciousness of the stranger, distrust of officials, and jealousy of the domestic hearth, are forcibly illustrated in a thousand proverbs. "Miel en boca y guarda la bolsa" (Honey in the mouth and take care of the purse) is the type of many such maxims for the conduct of life. "En las sopas y amores los primeros son mejores" ("In soups and love affairs the first are the best") is one of those short sentences obviously drawn from long experience. "A quien has descubierto la celada, de ese te guarda" ("Whose visor thou has lifted, whom thou hast found out, of him beware") needs no exposition. "De amigo reconciliado guarde de él como diablo" ("Of the friend reconciled beware as of the devil") is one of several saws which mark the Spaniard's sense of the instability of friendships, one of the pithiest of which says, "Entre dos amigos, un notario y dos testigos" ("Between two friends a notary and two witnesses"). "El huesped y el pece a tres días hiede" ("The guest and the fish in three days stink") is a warning to those who outstay their welcome. About lying there are two notable sayings, one obviously in sarcasm of "the quality" — "Quien no miente no viene de buena gente" ("He who lies not comes not of good people"); the other is a terse form of an ancient and universal adage, "La mentira no tiene piés" ("A lie has no feet"). Asses, mules, muleteers, inns, innkeepers, pigs, and wine are frequent subjects in the Spanish paræmiology, as might be expected of a land fruitful in all these products. "Ni compres asno de recuero ni te cases con hija de mesonero" ("Neither buy an ass of the muleteer nor marry the innkeeper's daughter") are cautions based on identical grounds. "Cuando todos te dicen que eres asno, rebuzna" ("When all say thou art an ass, bray") mingles humor with true philosophy. Of a like humor are such familiar instances as "A

perro flaco todo es pulgas" ("To the lean dog all is fleas"); "Puerco fresco y vino nuevo, christianillo al cementerio" ("Fresh pig and new wine, the little Christian to the cemetery"); "Para rabano y queso no es menester trompetero" ("Radish and cheese need no trumpeter"); "Callar como negra en baño" ("To be dumb like a negress in a bath") — which last is believed to refer to the fear and suspicion which possess the otherwise talkative negress, lest in the unfamiliar process of bathing she might turn white. These are but a few samples gleaned at hazard in the rich field of Spanish proverbs.

From Nature.

MONOS ISLAND, TRINIDAD.

THE following extract from the log of the R.Y.S. "Northumbria" has been sent us for publication by Dr. G. H. Kingsley; it is dated February 28, 1881:—

"An almost perfectly land-locked harbor is formed by Monos itself and the neighboring islands; on the Monos side indented with little bays, each one with its pretty, white cottage, sparkling in the shade of clumps of coco-palms, with a silk cotton-tree here and there, the latter looking as if they were trying to grow themselves into boards to save the sawyer trouble. The general tone of the vegetation just now is rather dull and New Zealandish, but the rocks along shore are covered with an infinity of bright flowers and shrubs, slender-shaped aloes bearing golden blossoms on their candelabra-like branchlets; wild pines with pink bracts and bright yellow petals, with sweet-scented orchids dangling anywhere and everywhere.

"February 29. — From Morrison's Bay in the hot level morning sun (most punishing and dangerous of all are the point-blank darts of Apollo), fairly into the Bocca Mono, upon the mysterious *guacharo*, which is here called *watchelo*. The only cave containing them accessible at present was a low-browed one at the base of the cliff, into which an occasional roller sweeps ever and again in a most unpleasant manner, lighting up the black interior with flashes of foam, which augurs badly for the safety of our delicate pine gig. On this it was thought better to fall back on native talent, fishing close by in an island boat formed as to its lower parts of a "dug-out" from the solid tree, and

as to its upper of two planks nailed on to heighten the free board. A tituppy, ticklish kind of a craft to the inexperienced, crank in the extreme, but with a huge reputation for seaworthiness when properly handled. The negro proprietor had his head tied up in a dirty clout, in consequence of a difference of opinion with another 'cullud gebblum,' who had revenged his broken nose by literally 'mashing him jaw with rock-stone.' Though mumbly in speech, he was civil and accommodating, and taking Morrison and L. on board his dancing walnut-shell, he backed into the cave on the back of an accommodating wave. The cave was not deep enough to prevent the proceedings of those within being seen and heard by those without, and soon dismal yells, followed by smoky and smothered explosions, showed that hints were being given to the watchelo to show themselves to their visitors. Another shot, followed by a jubilant shout, told us that one at least had shown himself once too often, and the party emerged blinking into the sunlight with their prey. The second entry was like the first: the interior commonplace and cavey, the interesting thing, of course, the watchelos, fluttering about and perching on the more prominent projections. It is a remarkably handsome, upstanding, and even graceful bird, long-tailed, brown-feathered, with white diamond markings, just the color of the quartz crystals in the reddish-brown rock on which it stood—a capital instance of preservative coloring, or the effect of surrounding color. Altogether the watchelo looks very much like a cross between the long-tailed cuckoo and a fair-sized hawk; though the thighs are quite bare of feathers. We have been told all that is known about these queer fruit-eating Fissirostres—still there is much that is not known; for example, where they spend the night in collecting the fruit which contains the hard, bristly seeds found in the stomachs of the adults and the young, and which, developing their nestlings into mere masses of fat, renders them, as charming Mrs. Morrison says, '*si bon à manger*.' Mr. Morrison says that they feed on the *terra firma*, or mainland, but even he knoweth not on what.

"Having finished thus successfully our chase of the frugivorous goatsucker, we turned our attention and boat's head to another cave on the other side of the Bocca, in which dwelt an equally eccentric and out-of-the-way animal, the 'piscivorous bat.' These queer creatures,

possibly in imitation of their opposite neighbors, have relinquished their supposed natural food, and have betaken themselves to catching fish at night in a manner which is not very clearly made out. Either they scoop them off the surface of the water by means of the membrane extended between their hind legs, or they catch them with their exceedingly sharp and curiously arranged claws. They dwell in a cave much more lowly and commonplace than their neighbors the watchelos, and as they declined to answer the invitation sent to them by a shot into its interior, some of the party jumped overboard, mid-leg into the water, and proceeded with shouts and yells to drive them out into the glaring sunlight. Out they came in scores, these odd members of the Fishmongers' Company, flickering and fluttering in the slanting morning rays that shone through their diaphanous wing membranes and almost translucent chestnut-colored bodies. Gnomes, fays, fanfullas, flibbertigibbets, any queer, fantastic thing you have ever fancied or dreamt about, were not half so fantastic as these. Strange, and not without weird beauty to the eye. But to the nose! Fairylike in form and fluttering as they might be, the simple truth is they stank like fitchets! 'Ruddy Miss Prue with golden hair,' in her wildest romplings, was nothing to them, and the scent produced in the hardest and strongest 'illiad' mariner a fervent desire to heave up his immortal soul. Possibly in revenge for this, the hardy one went for them with a boat-stretcher with such enthusiasm that shortly a hollow sound was heard, and another mariner, no longer enthusiastic, was observed hanging his head over the gunwale of the boat, with the blood trickling down his innocent nose from as pretty a scalp-wound as ever delighted a savage. However, but little harm was done, and we collected our wounded and slain, many of which had meanwhile sunk to the bottom, and wended our way back to the 'Northumbria.'

"We visited the Bocca again in a late twilight, if there be such between the tropics, to study the mode of fishing of these most mysterious bats; but it was too dark to make anything out with certainty, though the queer scooping 'swish' supposed to be produced by their skimming the surface of the water with their posterior membranes, was distinct enough. What was even more distinct was, not to put too fine a point upon it, the stink;

even right out in the open Bocca and at some distance from the cave, we were aware of the neighborhood of individuals by the heavy, rank smell floated towards us in the hot evening breeze.

"It is not the slightest use the 'parlor naturalists,' who study birds in glass cases and fishes in bottles, saying that this bat, from its 'dentition,' 'tripetition,' or any other of its 'itions,' must be frugivorous or insectivorous. The simple fact is that it is neither. When you find an individual of showy exterior, but slightly imperfect manners, with his pockets full of watches with the swivels broken off, you are justified in classing him, without the slightest reference to his 'dentition,' as a specimen of the 'swell mob — Homo watch-priggius;' and I maintain that when you find the stomach of a bat — the only pocket he possesses, not being a marsupial — stuffed with the scales and bones of fishes, you are fairly entitled to put him down as 'ichthyophagous' by all the rules of common sense. Our queer friend the watchelo, with his deeply-cleft bill and outstanding bristles, *ought* to be a moth-catching goatsucker; but unless he swallows seeds for ballast he certainly lives on the fruits which contained them. It is the old story: directly we find what we call 'nature' doing a thing perfectly well in one way, we immediately find her doing it equally well in another and directly opposite one. If she finds a bird with a bill perfectly formed for the catching of moths, she at once shows that it will do equally well for picking fruits off the bushes on dark nights; and if a bat can take the smallest midge in the twilight with unerring accuracy, she turns him without alteration into as good a fisher as the very otter himself.

"I am sorry to say that the 'fish booming and drumming,' described by Charles Kingsley, was not to be heard. Either we were there at the wrong season, or the fish had been driven away by the use of dynamite. From all I heard, the sound was identical with that produced by the drum-fish so common in the Indian river of Hinda."

From St. James's Gazette.
FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IT is fifty years since the outbreak of the most formidable riots that have occurred during the present century. On the 9th of October, 1831, the House of

Lords rejected Lord Grey's second Reform Bill by a majority of forty-one. Some disorders broke out almost immediately: windows were smashed, and two obnoxious Tory peers were pulled off their horses; but neither these signs of popular feeling, nor even the burning of Nottingham Castle, which happened about the middle of the month, caused any serious alarm, or dissuaded the opponents of the Reform Bill from giving out that a reaction had set in. The fact that London remained quiet, and that Dorsetshire at the same time was carried by Lord Ashley, the anti-Reform candidate, seems to have been the only ground for this belief. But none shared it more fully than the old "true blue" Tory, Sir Charles Wetherell, the recorder of Bristol. Towards the end of October he was to hold his court as usual for the trial of prisoners, but was advised by many of his friends to postpone his visit on account of the excited state of public feeling. Sir Charles, however, was determined to show his faith in the reaction by disregarding these friendly warnings; and on Saturday, the 29th of October, made his entry into Bristol accordingly. His hopes were grievously disappointed. He was followed to the Guildhall by an angry mob, who pelted his escort and attacked the windows of his carriage. But he reached his destination in safety; the royal commission was read; and the recorder and his friends then set out for the Mansion House, where they were to dine with the lord mayor. At this stage of the proceedings, however, the mob intervened with effect. Scarcely had Sir Charles reached the Mansion House when both he and the magistrates were forced to run for their lives. The mob had broken open the building, uttering ferocious threats against all whom it contained. Then they ransacked the house; and through the broken windows of the lower stories, the joints of meat turning before the kitchen fires, the game ready trussed, the saucepans simmering on the stoves — all but the cooks themselves, who had fled in terror — were visible to the admiring outsiders. During the Saturday night, the mob, who had been driven out of the Mansion House square by a troop of the 14th Husars (though not till the house had been completely gutted) was tolerably quiet. But with the Sunday morning the disturbances were renewed. The Mansion House cellars were burst open, and the mob drank and became infuriated. The cavalry again proceeded to the spot, but were

received with showers of stones. No magistrate was present to read the Riot Act; and Colonel Brereton, the commanding officer, instead of charging on his own responsibility, was foolish enough to ask the people if they would be quiet "provided he withdrew the troops." The sequel is well known. Of course the mob said they would, and, equally of course, as soon as the soldiers had departed recommenced the work of destruction.

The whole of Sunday the city was in possession of the rioters. They fired in succession the City Bridewell, the new borough gaol, and the county gaol, which were all blazing at the same time, the liberated prisoners eagerly joining their deliverers in the business of the day. In the afternoon they burned down the bishop's palace, the Custom House, the Excise Office, what remained of the Mansion House, and many private houses besides. And now, on Monday morning, when they had destroyed property to the value of half a million of money, they were again charged by the soldiers, who cleared the streets with ease; so that by Tuesday morning, the 1st of November, order was completely restored. It need never have been dissolved; not a life need have been lost, nor a single stone have been displaced, had the troops and the magistrates done their duty. The disturbance would have been suppressed at once had the military been called out and told to act when the mob refused to disperse after Sir Charles's arrival at the Mansion House on Saturday afternoon. The mischief that ensued even then might still have been confined to that quarter of the town, had proper vigor been displayed on Sunday morning. But the magistrates seem to have been paralyzed, while the commanding officer was entirely wanting in that moral courage which in dealing with a mob is more necessary even than physical. The traditional English dislike of employing soldiers against mobs, which was carried to disastrous excess in the case of the Gordon riots, made its influence felt only less disastrously in the case of the Bristol riots. Sir Walter Scott has noticed the effect of the same feeling in Edinburgh, when the officer in command at the castle refused to fire on the Porteus mob without a written order from the magistrates. No doubt this scruple is as a rule most salutary, and one which we should be very sorry indeed to think wanting in either our military or civil officers. But, like other good things, it is capable of being carried to danger-

ous extremes; and then such scenes occur as were witnessed within the memory of living men in one of the most opulent and flourishing cities in the British Empire.

The feeling to which we refer had its origin in that jealousy of a standing army which, bred at the Restoration, lingered far into the eighteenth century. But it can hardly be supposed that this jealousy has much practical influence at the present moment. What is felt is that it is preferable to run great risks rather than create in the populace any permanent ill-feeling towards the army. It is sometimes forgotten that there is also another danger to be guarded against—the danger, namely, of creating in the army an ill-feeling towards the populace. Such a feeling may be productive of serious results; yet it is very likely to be engendered by exposing troops too frequently to such treatment as they experienced at Bristol. And neither magistrates nor commanding officers should shrink from the responsibility of deciding when forbearance is being carried too far. Troops assaulted in the discharge of their duty may fairly protect themselves; and it is not always the greatest kindness to the rioters to prevent them from doing so. If they are obliged to act at last, after hours or days of insult and violence, the result is likely to be far more serious than if they had struck in at once. At Bristol the hesitation of the authorities caused the loss of scores of lives; and Colonel Brereton, seeing too late the consequences of his own mistake, though no slur was cast on his personal courage, destroyed himself.

The prompt employment of troops when once called out is perfectly consistent with the greatest reluctance to call them. There is no doubt in our own minds of the absolute soundness of the Duke of Wellington's opinion that it is very bad policy indeed to familiarize mobs with the spectacle of troops doing the duty of police. They soon learn to be no more frightened by the one than they are by the others, and to think as little of resisting them. Soldiers should be kept in reserve; the effect of their mingling in a fray to be left to the popular imagination, which is pretty sure to paint it in sufficiently alarming colors. But when once they appear on the scene, if the occasion is sufficiently serious to warrant recourse to them at all, prompt and energetic action will nine times out of ten be found also the most merciful.